

MANUAL ALPHABET

AND
CALLING CARDS COMBINED.

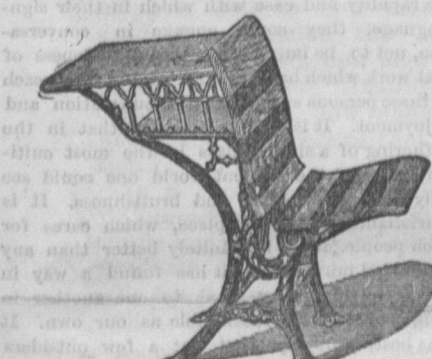


We are printing Manual Alphabet Visiting or Calling Cards, of the best quality, cheaper than any publishing office in America. Your name neatly printed on the reverse side, in stylish type, and the cards sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, to any part of the United States and Canada.

PRICE LIST:
50 Cards with name, 25 cents.
100 " " " 50 "

BAKER, PRATT & CO.,

NO. 19 BOND STREET,
(near Broadway.)
New York.



SCHOOL FURNISHERS,

Booksellers

AND
STATIONERS

Headquarters for
EDUCATIONAL GOODS
of all kinds.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Triumph Dovetailed School Furniture,

Blackboards, Liquid, Slating,

Globes, Maps, Charts,
etc., etc.

School and Miscellaneous

BOOKS.

School Stationery

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BAKER, PRATT & CO.,

Manufacturers of School Merchandise,
NO. 19 BOND STREET,
(near Broadway.)
New York.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1881.

NUMBER 3.

POETRY.

For the JOURNAL.

A Response from Spiritland.

BY CLARA E. S. TYRRELL.

My voice I raise in songs of praise,
Of God's grand universe,
And strive to weave my simple lays,
His glories to rehearse.

I feel the electrifying thrill
Of all his works apart,
And as in vast worlds, His will
So thrills it through my heart.

And when I stand upon the mount—
Grand pinnacle of time—
Or drink from some life-giving fount
The powers that are divine.

And watch the mightiest summits
Catch the glory of the sun,
Or watch the starry coronet
That night at last hath won.

Or search afar, where treasure vaults
Are hidden in the sea,
I turn from all, my old time try,
To share an hour with thee.

For more to me, this inner life,
Of purer and nobler sight
My journeyings hath found.

The life that man may live below,
Sharing the busiest mart,
Pales before the golden glow
Of love within the heart.

The midnight lamp, the student seeks,
Conning life's mystic lore,
The diver seeking mysteries
Beneath the ocean's roar—

Turns each from his allotted task,
Where'er his feet may rove;
Forgetting all, if he but look
Within the light of love.

Proud science bends its haughty head,
Forgets its high degree,
When love reveals its magic spell—
Its grand immensity.

Love caused the desert wild to bloom,
And blossom as the rose;
Love broke the icy chain of death,
Destroying its repose.

Love wrought the spell, whereby the tongue
A common language knew,
And from the earliest days of time,
Its magic influence threw.

And binding with electric fires,
All nations as its own;
It binds the universe of God,
As with a golden zone.

It sent the pulsing wires beneath
The ocean's silent tide,
And love hath bound earth's human hearts,
Unto the angel side.

For, through the æther sea of death,
Tuturils this electric chain,
Binding the hearts of those in heaven,
To this, our earthly plane.

And so thy life and mine is bound,
By this most holy tie;
It consecrates both found,
This love shall never die.

And if my heart would ask of thee,
To make it worthy this,
That I might give this gift to me,
To taste this perfect bliss.

I answer from the brightest ray
That rests upon the sod,
To the lowest atom thou canst see,
There dwells the living God.

And He hath crowned thy soul divine,
With worthier love than I;
And 'tis to me a sacred trust
To share in every sigh.

And when one soul may give to one
The love that God hath given,
It brings the soul of all on earth
Through it, still nearer Heaven.

In future paths, where all of earth
Hath passed for'er away,
We'll walk together hand in hand,
Back to life's early May.

The flowers of spring, that withered lie
Beneath the frosts of time,
Shall wake to a lovelier love,
Beneath this love divine.

God bless thee, wait the morning hour,
The close of earth's dark eve;
Then shall my soul with greater power,
Begin its walk in heaven.

Thy generous soul, whose deeds are known
Beyond this mortal plane;
Shall find the flowers of gratitude
Can blossom yet again.

Then wait beside the "Golden Gate,"
And fast the rolling tide;
Shall bear me to where thou stand,
Just on the other side.

STORE TELLER.

In A Shanty.

"Mr. Alwade, this is Melth, the cook."

As old Mrs. Watson spoke thus briefly, Wallace Alwade turned partly around, facing the small, delicate woman, who stood but partially revealed in the shadows of the long, low-roofed shanty.

For one instant he stood gazing intently into the pale face of the timid, retiring creature before him, then extended his hand, with a polite bow and pleasant word of greeting.

"Melth, the cook."

What a thrill shot through his heart at the mention of the name. As their hands clasped in the dim firelight, and he gazed down into the pale face of the shrinking figure before him, Wallace Alwade's mind grew troubled.

That face, so thin and pale, with longing, regretful shadows lurking in the violet eyes, touched a half-forgotten chord in his bachelor heart. It was but a dreamy reflection of the past, however.

He remembered where he was, and turned away without thinking deeply. It was not likely that an almost forgotten dream would meet with fruition in a place like this, a dingy lumber shanty in the heart of the great

"Well, Mrs. Watson, I must be going," said the lumber dealer, turning toward the door.

"Won't you stay all night, Mr. Alwade?"

"Impossible, my good woman. I have important business to attend to in town. I find that your husband is managing affairs very well in the woods. I think I can safely trust him to go on with the job."

"Tattlers' tongues to the contrary, eh?" returned the rosy-faced matron, with a rippling laugh.

"Yes, the stories I have heard are all false, Mrs. Watson. I shan't trouble myself about these flying reports again, rest assured."

"Thank you, Mr. Alwade. My husband shall know of your generosity."

"Facts are stubborn things," returned Alwade. "The job is progressing well under Mr. Watson's management, and I am only too glad to place the credit where it belongs."

Thus speaking, the rich lumberman left the room and entered the sleigh that stood waiting at the door.

Speeding over the glistening snow, under the tall pines, with the keen winter air cutting like a knife, Wallace Alwade felt strangely invigorated after contact with the close air of the lumber shanty.

That evening, after reaching his room, Alwade found time for reflection. The face of "Melth, the cook," pale, worn, and timid, haunted him once more, like the dim memory of a half-forgotten dream. Why did he give the pale-faced shanty cook a second thought? Simply because this was not the first time he had seen that face. In pondering over the subject, Alwade came suddenly into full knowledge why he had been so strangely affected at meeting Melth.

A vision of the long ago was before him. He stood under the gaslight pleading for the love of as beautiful a girl as the sun shone on. He could see the haughty curl of the full red lips, see the scornful flash of those violet eyes, and even feel the sting of the words that fell from the maiden's lips, refusing him, laughing to scorn all his passionate pleadings; and all because he was but a poor law student, without name or fortune in the world. His hopes were crushed forever. He went out into the world with a bitter pain in his heart, yet unable even then to conquer the love that had mastered him so utterly.

That was twelve years ago; twelve painful years to Wallace Alwade. Out West, under the shadows of the Michigan pines, he had built up a fortune, and stood one of the foremost men in the strong, vigorous young State where our story is located. For twelve years he had heard nothing of Melth Bayne. Was it wonderful, then, that he failed to recognize in "Melth, the cook," the selfwilled, imperious beauty who had scorned him in his youth.

After hours of thought, he was not fully satisfied. It could not be that Melth Bayne had fallen so low as this—a cook in one of his logging shanties!

That night the face of Melth haunted the rich lumberman, and at earliest dawn he was once more seated behind his magnificent bays speeding rapidly into the great woods.

"Gone!" exclaimed the lumberman, seemingly staggered by a sudden revelation.

"Yes. She must have slipped off in the night sometime," said Mrs. Watson, looking her surprise at the strange interest her employer took in the little faded cook. "It doesn't matter a great deal, though," continued Mrs. Watson. "My husband can hunt up another woman right quick."

Wallace Alwade stood warming his hands by the fire.

"She went in the night, you say?"

"Yes, or very early this morning."

"Why did she go?"

"Can't say."

"Perhaps she left some word, a note or something."

"Not a thing."

"She must have been brave to dare a cold winter's night for the sake of leaving her unseen."

"It's queer, very queer," muttered the woman. "Melth and I agreed perfectly. I can't see what cause she had for leaving."

Alwade turned hurriedly to depart. As he did so his eyes caught sight of a white edge of paper peering from from the inner side of the door-casing. Drawing it forth, he found a few lines written thereon.

"MR. ALWADE—When I met you to-night I knew that you were the one who once knew Melth Bayne under far different circumstances. I knew that you recognized me, and doubtless felt gratified in your heart for the revenge time has wrought you. Of course I cannot remain another day under this roof."

MELTH.

There was not the slightest clew in this brief note to guide his steps. There were but few settlers in the woods, however, and he felt that it would be an easy matter to discover the whereabouts of the missing woman.

Once more outside, the winter air touched his cheeks with icy fingers, and a shudder convulsed his frame as he thought of poor little, helpless Melth, exposed to the cold under a pitiless winter sky, with no home, no place to lay her head.

It was his duty to find her before night and offer her a better situation than the one she had lately occupied.

A sudden-snow storm came up, which soon filled the road, so that Alwade's swift bays found it difficult to make anything but the slowest head-way.

Down in fleecy billows the snow sifted, filling the air and covering the ground completely.

The wind rose, whirling the snow up against the pines in huge drifts. The track was no longer visible.

Huge banks of snow blocked the way, and the lumberman came suddenly to a full knowledge of the fact that it would soon be impossible for him to proceed.

"Ugh! what a fearful night we're having!" muttered the lumberman, as he buttoned his great coat more closely, and strove to peer ahead through the blinding storm. "Suppose Melth hasn't found a shelter?"

The thought sent a chill through his heart.

On and on the horses floundered, the drifts growing deeper, the storm fiercer, meantime.

The wind rose to a gale, hurling the snow in sheeted masses through the air, while the gloom of approaching night settled down upon the forest.

Alwade consulted his watch in some surprise.

"So late?" he muttered. "I did not think I was going at such a snail's pace. Now I'm in a fix, to be sure."

His horses struggling in a deeper drift than usual, came suddenly to a halt.

Alwade peered about him. The forest looked strange and new to him. The truth suddenly flashed upon his brain.

"I see; I've lost the main road, somehow, and this is some one of the many old logging tracks," mused the lumberman, forgetting Melth for the time, under the difficulties of his own situation.

Night was setting in rapidly. The storm raged furiously. There was no chance of finding the right road to-night. If this was a log-road, there must be an end somewhere, and then he would find shanties.

He touched his horses with the whip.

After several attempts, the noble animals cleared the drift and moved slowly on.

The storm seemed to increase in fury every minute.

If he found no shelter soon, Alwade feared for the consequences.

Peering anxiously ahead, a dark snow-capped pile met his straining vision. The next minute his horses stood steaming beside a half-ruined log shanty.

It was almost dark now, but Alwade quietly unhitched from the cutter, and drove his team under the friendly shelter. This had once been used for a barn. Across the way, some rods ahead, was the cook's shanty.

Alwade found the door hanging on one hinge, a portion of the shanty roof fallen in, but this shelter was better than the snow and storm outside.

He had matches in his pocket, and one of these was quickly ignited. An old bunk stood next the wall. Quickly demolishing this, the lumberman soon had a brisk fire in the long unused fire-place.

Removing his great coat, he stood over the fire and warmed his hands, thankful for his lucky escape from death at the hands of the frost king.

The fire blazed up brightly, lighting the room throughout.

"Good heaven! what's this?"

Approaching the lumberman stood over the dark-robed figure, stood and gazed for a minute, spell-bound, into the face of a woman.

"Melth!"

Bending down quickly, the stout man gathered the light form in his arms and bore it to the fire.

"Dead!" he groaned, as he gazed into the rigid face.

To his great delight, he was soon rewarded with a groan, followed shortly after by a sight of two great, frightened violet eyes.

"Melth Bayne!" he whispered softly.

"Where am I?" she answered.

"Safe, Melth. Thank heaven for sending me out of my road to-night," said Wallace Alwade, fervently.

An hour later Melth Bayne was able to sit up.

In a few brief words she related her adventures of the past twenty hours. She had wandered off from the main road and had traveled on many by-roads, through snow and storm, finally coming to the knowledge of the fact that she was lost. Two hours before she had found this shanty, and tired and cold, she had sank down to slumber, from which

she would never have waked, but for the coming of Alwade.

"Why did you leave Mrs. Watson, Melth?"

"After meeting you, I could not remain," she said, simply.

"After meeting me! Can it be that you still hate me, Melth?"

Her violet eyes sought his face wonderingly.

"Hate you, Alwade, I could never do that. I could not bear to see you, and know that you were gloating over the revenge that time has wrought. I have hated myself many times for the past in my life."

He seized her hand and bent a searching look into her thin, faded face.

"Melth, I am content to let the past lie buried. I am a lone old bachelor, rich and crusty, but I want a wife."

"Well?"

"Will you be that wife to me, Melth?"

"After my treatment of you, when—"

"Yes, after that."

"For love's sake, Wallace?" tears filling the violet eyes.

"For love's sake, Melth."

Tears fell from her eyes. He drew her head to his broad breast, and sealed the compact with a kiss.

The wealthy lumberman found the wife, who presides over his house with exquisite grace, in a shanty.

New Year's Call on General Garfield.

(Continued from last week.)

On last Saturday morning, we woke at an early hour, feeling instinctively that something strange and startling was to occur. Suddenly, we remembered that it was the day set apart for our trip to Mentor. Now some people (battered aristocrats) would not have been thrown into an ecstasy of delight by the mere thought; but we, plebeians that we are, felt overjoyed. We robed ourselves in a style appropriate to the high honor we were to enjoy. In fancy we meandered through the long corridors of General Garfield's home, conversing in a stately manner with that gentleman. We saw our innocent and pleasing features, "lit by the wondrous fire within," as we listened with graceful modesty to the President-elect, while he, with a noble condescension peculiarly his own, explained some difficult question in finance or asked our opinion as to the best method of raising cattle.

All this passed through our fertile brain as we were completing our elaborate toilet. While putting on our extra bit of powder on our classic proboscis, the startling thought struck us, suppose he would not see us when then should we do? Should we return to Springfield and calmly confess our disgraceful failure? Never; we would hang on to that house till we were gray, but what we would see the lion and hear him roar.

Was a little thing like his individual wish to thwart the ambition of a life time? Were we to be cast to the lowest depths of despair, simply for his accommodation? Not a bit of it; we would not be worthy of the high position of reporter, did we allow anything to baffle us.

By this time, (thanks to prepared chalk,) we had reached the necessary degree of whiteness, and we descended to the lower regions to meet our friends. (In reading over that sentence, we find a startling meaning, suggested by the words "lower regions.") At eleven o'clock, we left Cleveland and got to Mentor, at about noon. We could have reached the General's house in time for lunch, but we preferred to postpone that till later in the season. Therefore, we ordered dinner at the cunning little hotel. And a nice one they furnished us. Among other things, we had sausage. Now we cannot accustom ourselves to that fruit. We have seen people eat it with the greatest pleasure imaginable, but we cannot do it; so we refused it. But suddenly we remembered that General Garfield had a farm, and might not this very sausage have grown there? In the twinkling of an eye, we took a bit. While trying to swallow it, we could see the noble porker reclining at his ease in a delicious—puddle, while bending over him with a look of pride and a bottle of "Lubins' Extract" applied to his nostrils, stood our worthy President. Yes, we could see it all; that settled it; we felt extremely romantic. After dinner, we settled ourselves in an enormous rocking chair, before a roving fire, and began to map out a line of attack. We had in our pocket, letters of introduction which we were to give him. He was to read them, and a vein of content and happiness would permeate his melodious and tanel voice. And thus he would speak. "At last, at last, come to my arms!"

(figuratively speaking) "most worthy citizen of the Champion City and representative of that noble organ the JOURNAL; thence welcome to our heart and home. Deign to accept, O most gracious maiden, the Senatorship of Ohio and this elegant snuff-box—just at this time our reveries were interrupted by the arrival of the carriage. With quickly-beating heart, we seated ourselves in it, and were soon whirled to the home of General Garfield. We were ushered into the reception room—it is as homelike and cozy as could be wished—at one end burned a cheerful fire, which cast a warm glow over the magnificent portrait of the General and the numerous books, pictures and other works of art scattered around. We seated ourselves in a graceful attitude, with our left cheek resting lightly on one hand and our eyes cast down in modest confusion. Our friends scattered themselves round sort of "promiscuous like," you know. Finally, we felt the noise of footsteps. Our heart beat like a sledge hammer. We turned cold with fear, our knees shook, and we, for once in our lives, could appreciate the feelings of the bashful man, who tried to propose to the object of his affection—please don't mix things, remember we had no idea of proposing to our worthy President. Regaining sufficient courage to lift our eyes, we saw a lady entering the room. She was a sweet-faced little woman, with a calm, self-possessed manner. She was attired in a dark Princess robe, with no fluttering ribbons and laces. She greeted us very cordially, and we were charmed with her and were preparing to have a little chat with Mrs. Garfield, before the General appeared, when she said: "I am very sorry if you came to see Gen. Garfield especially; he is taking a nap, and as he has lost a great deal of sleep lately, I do not wish to disturb him." We looked at her again. Could it be we had admired her two minutes before. Now we could distinctly see the diabolical glimmer in her eye and Satanic grin on her lips. We felt that first impressions were not lasting with us. With a feeling of despair, we resigned ourselves to the inevitable. We allowed our friends to carry on the conversation with her. We felt that life indeed, was a dreary blank, and there was no balm in Gilead. There we sat, our "hearts bowed down by the weight of woe." What cared we for life now?—our hopes were nipped in the bud.

Alas! for "New Year's" call! That its peeping voice should fall on such a doleful, deceitful date, While all the organs play And grand and grand away In joyous taste of New Year's state!

O, holidays, get out! Don't hang anywhere about. Put off until "the crack of doom!" And that cavernous din Will hush up all this rhyning "boom!"

In fancy, we saw the finger of scorn pointing at us when it was known that General Garfield preferred a nap to carrying on an animated and intellectual conversation with us. Oh! the shame, the unparalleled misery we felt at that moment. We were in hopes the floor would open and swallow us. Just at this critical moment, in he walked. Oh! friends, can you imagine our feelings when he seized us by the hand and called us by name? We do not want to be accused of flattery, but he really is "superb" (that word is borrowed from the Democrats for this occasion). The American people may well be proud of their twentieth President. His manner of conversation is affable and courteous. He does not use vain repetitions as the heathen do. While our friends were conversing with Mrs. Garfield, we flattered ourselves, we were able to give the General some excellent advice. He stored it away safely and will astonish the nations of the earth when he uses it.

We had with us, a little friend, three years of age, a very bright child. Under our tuition he had become a devoted hero-worshiper. On being introduced to the President, he piped out in a shrill voice: "She says," pointing to us, "that you are a greater man than Napoleon and Alexander, and if I am right good, you will let me sit on your knee." We gazed on that child with wondering admiration. We felt that we loved him. In the dim future we saw him among the distinguished men of his age, and we felt in our heart that the noblest drum in Cleveland should be his. The President beamed upon us in a benignant manner, as if to say: "Here is a woman of great and marvelous sense." We were able to lift our drooping orbs, suffused in tears, and say in a faltering voice: "Most gracious sir, is it not all true?" He said—but why proclaim our secrets to the naughty public.

When, in the kindness of his heart, he sat the little one on his knee, we could not refrain from humming in our mind that little hymn:

"Backward, turn backward, Oh, Time, in thy flight; Make me a child again," etc., etc.

At last the time came when we could stay no longer. We felt that although time was no money to us, it was extremely valuable to him, so tore ourselves away. We were obliged to drive seven miles to another station and wait at the depot three hours—but what was a little thing like that. We lived over again our interview with the President, and thought of the many witty and brilliant things we could have said, had we not been so pressed for time. We flatter ourselves that we dropped some useful hints that will be of great benefit to him hereafter.

CLARA E. S. TYRRELL,
SPRINGFIELD, O., Jan. 10, '80.

Something for Teachers of Articulation to Consider.

At the recent Milan International (so called) Convention of Instructors of deaf-mutes, President Gallaudet of the Deaf-Mute College delivered an address which is published in the *Annals*, and from which we take the liberty of making the following extracts.

"At a public examination of deaf-mutes a few days ago, a letter of one of the most advanced pupils was read in which the sentiment was expressed—and it was received with applause by the audience—that a deaf-mute without speech was no more than a brute, an ape." (The italics are ours).

What must be thought of a system of instruction that fosters and applauds such a degrading and brutal sentiment? Is it impossible to teach the deaf to speak without inculcating them with feelings of scorn and contempt for their brethren who can not?

The "advanced pupil" who uttered this sentiment is not to blame so much as his instructors, and the system they pursue; for he was only giving voice to what had been drilled into him from the first moment he entered the school as a means to prevent him from using signs.

That the same system is used in this country, to attain the same end, there is evidence, as I have had occasion to notice in my intercourse with graduates of exclusively articulation schools, but in most cases they had outgrown its influence by their contact with mutes from other schools, after leaving their own, but they admitted that while at school they were taught to look with horror upon a mute who used signs, as if they were the most degraded of beings.

Can not our teachers of Articulation find some other way to prevent the use of signs in their schools? It not only degrades the pupil, but it is extremely ridiculous to see a deaf person who can speak only so as to be hardly understood by his own family, affecting to be far above a mute who may be vastly his superior in the command of language and general information, even if he does use signs.

Here is President Gallaudet's crushing comment on the above quoted sentiment:

"As a son of a sainted mother, who lived an honored, useful, and happy life of eighty years without speech, and who, in spite of her deafness and dumbness, raised her large family successfully and was the ornament and pride of every circle in which she moved, I repel the unworthy and foolish imputation that deaf-mutes without a speech are brutes, and remind those who applaud such a sentiment that there are dumb beasts endowed with much more intelligence than talking brutes."

There is a slap for you! And it took a "Y

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 12.50
If not paid within six months, 2.50
These prices are in advance. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.
Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

We have just read a volume of poems, written by Miss Alice C. Jennings, a semi-mute who became deaf at the age of eight years. The book is entitled "Heart Echoes," and has the following original sentiment inscribed on the cover,

"Echoes only of the music
Which within life's harp doth hide:
Thus stray beams reveal the sunlight
Single drops the ocean's tide."

The poems are classified as follows: "Echoes of Faith," "Echoes of Hope," "Echoes of Praise," and "Echoes of Sorrow," and are prefaced by the annexed beautiful and original poem:

"Father, these echoes of the song within,
Which thrill through hush of earthly sound
And song,
Hast taught my pain-swept spirit to begin,
And still, through grief and gladness, to prolong,
I bring to thee: Oh, may each broken tone
Some other heart with answering cadence fill,
Some spirit, weary with earth's discords grown,
With hints of heaven's rejoicing music thrill!"

The same touching earnestness, the same rhythmic flow of words and correctness of meter pervades the whole book, and proves Miss Jennings to be a writer of more than ordinary merit. One of the poems, "Twelve Years of Silence," which was written when she was twenty years old, is very fine and no doubt echoes the feelings of many a semi-mute, who cherishes in his memory recollections of the sweet world of sounds. The author tells her story in the second verse of the poem.

"Eight bright years their course had numbered,
All undimmed by care and pain;
Through those years so long have slumbered,
Yet their echoes still remain.
In my fancy still I hear them,
And a gleam of light they throw
Over a path whose lonely sorrow
Only 'silent ones' can know."

We would gladly print more extracts from this little volume of "heart echoes," which contains so many gems of thought and expression, but prefer to have our readers procure a volume and read it themselves. The price is 50 cents, which can be paid with postage stamps sent to Miss Alice C. Jennings, 232 West Canton St., Boston, Mass.

We have received, through the courtesy of Mr. James C. Harlan, the Fourteenth Report of the California Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind. The expenditures amount to \$45,268.20. The number of pupils presents numbered 139, making the cost per capita over \$325. Five scholarships have been established, which are known as the "Durham Scholarships," and are to be conferred upon the foremost pupils, viz.—two from the deaf-mute boys and one from the blind boys, one from the blind girls, and one from the deaf-mute girls. The scholarships are for three years, and are of the value of \$50 for the first year, \$75 for the second year, and \$100 for the third year. The Principal, Warring Wilkinson, pays a tribute to the late President of the Board of Directors, Mr. J. Mora Moss, who died on the 21st, of November, 1890. There are no trades taught at this Institution, but from the earliest manner in which their introduction is advocated, it is probable that shops will before long be established.

There are fifty-five schools in the United States where the deaf and dumb are taught, not counting the National College. They employ 425 teachers, of whom seventy-four are deaf-mutes and fifty-eight semi-mutes. The number of pupils under instruction in all the schools during 1879-80, was 6,798 of which 3,908 were males, and 2,890 females.

New York State has six schools; Pennsylvania, five; Massachusetts,

Maryland, Michigan, and Wisconsin, three each; Connecticut, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, and District of Columbia, two each; Maine, Rhode Island, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Iowa, Indiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Colorado, California, Oregon, and Dakota, one each. Four of these schools were started in 1880 namely—the Philadelphia Day School, the New England Industrial School, the Scranton Day School, and the Dakota School.

The whole number of pupils in the six New York Institutions is 1,367.

Sixteen States seem to have no schools whatever for the deaf and dumb.

Canada has six Institutions, with about 477 pupils.

NOTICES.

The Right Rev. Bishop Scarborough of New Jersey, will confirm at Trinity Church, Pittsburg, on Sunday morning, Feb. 27th. As notice elsewhere Rev. Mr. Mann expects to be in Pittsburg on the same day.

Rev. John Chamberlain is expected to lecture for the Troy Deaf-Mute Club on Saturday evening, the 29th inst., and to hold the quarterly service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Albany, on Sunday, the 30th inst., at 2:30 p.m.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent to: *The Itemizer*.

Miss A. P. Lloyd, of Hartford, called at the Journal office last week.

Russell Smith is again in Omaha at his old place in the *Herald* office.

Mr. J. Wilkens and Mr. Swett work in John Abbott's Crib and Cradle Manufactory.

Mrs. Maggie S. Lehr, of York, Pa., would like to know Mrs. Julia Wills' address.

Prof. J. M. Koehler, of Scranton, Pa., did not visit York last Christmas, as was expected.

Pressing business prevented Mr. Geo. E. Kohler from visiting his Philadelphia friends on Christmas.

Alonso Allard is now selling soap in Boston, and is doing well at it. Will he live a *la* Vanderbilt in the future?

Johnna Tins, of Maryland, has been farming for eighteen years. He has two boys and one girl who can hear. His wife is a sister of Thomas Conroy, of Philadelphia.

Mr. John J. Viets has recently returned to his home at 195 Bridge street, Cleveland, O., from Chicago, Ill., after an absence of six months, occupied at setting type in that city.

Edwin H. French's father had the misfortune to cut his great toe at the second joint, nearly severing it. He was cutting a log, when the axe caught in a limb overhead which caused the accident.

Mrs. Maker, of Swansea, R. I., is now enjoying herself by a visit to Mrs. Budlong, in Providence, R. I. She will stop a few weeks. She has a son who is Superintendent of a stable in this city.

Miss Lizzie M. Cole, of Concord, N. H., who worked in a silk factory in Antrim had to leave on account of weak eyes. E. H. French lives in Antrim, but is not working on account of low water.

Ira Derby, of Weymouth, and Willie White, of New Hampshire, visited the Beverly School lately, and were much pleased to see everything as neat as a new pin. They will report accordingly in the *Journal*.

About two weeks ago, Mr. Herman Erbe accompanied by a lady friend took a sleigh ride. They called on Mr. Gilbert Wood, of Forestville, and Miss Foley, of Bristol, Conn. and had a very enjoyable time.

Mr. George W. Butts is employed in Cutler's Mills, Warren, R. I., and is earning good pay. He would be considered a good catch for any girl, as he is a very steady workman. He supports his widowed mother.

Thomastown, Conn., is a fine town of about 3000 inhabitants. Several deaf-mutes live there, seven of whom are employed in a clock factory—four in the "movement" department and three in the "case" department.

A short time ago the mutes of Thomastown, ten in number, gave Mr. Jonathan Marsh and his wife a surprise. They presented the couple with a nice lounge. Mr. Marsh teaches a Bible Class of deaf-mutes in Thomastown.

Mr. J. Dotzsum, of Reading, Pa., presented a nice box of cigars to Mr. John B. Lewis' father, of Philadelphia, on Christmas day. He was pleased to accept it. They have lived in Reading some years. Mr. John Dotzsum is a faithful friend of Mr. John B. Lewis.

T. C. Cummings, of Braddock, Pa., came to spend Christmas with his family at Riceville, Crawford Co. While there, he had flying visits to his mute friends in Corry and Pitsburgh. A classmate of his, Willie Woodruff, was married to a speaking lady of Spring Creek, Warren Co., Pa.

Mr. Hiram L. Ball returned to his home in Mexico, N. Y., after an extended visit in Michigan. While in Flint, he visited his old classmate S. H. Howard, who is a teacher in the Michigan Institution. On his way home he stopped at the Rochester Institution, and at Syracuse, where he had a pleasant time with his deaf-mute friends.

Last Sunday we had an unexpected call from Rev. Henry Winter Style to attend divine service at St. Barnabas Church, Reading, Pa. There was a full attendance of all intelligent deaf-mutes, with the exception of two. The number in attendance consisted of two females and six male mutes. The service of Mr. Style was one of pleasure and interest. Rev. Mr. Style left for home by the 4:20 o'clock train. It is his intention to hold monthly meetings in this city.

Will Rev. Job Tanager please give his address to M. E. F., of Louisville, Kentucky.

Prof. Jerome T. Elwell has been appointed a teacher in the Pennsylvania Institution, at Philadelphia.

Miss Lockwood who has been quite sick, having lost her mother lately. She is now visiting New York for her health.

Mr. Alva Wilson, of York, O., died December 20, 1890, of catarrhal disease. Messrs. McKinlin, Fahrion, Himselapough and others were pull-bearers.

Miss E. Lockwood's correspondents will please write her at 477 East 114th street, Harlem, N. Y. Miss H. E. W. must write to her as soon as she can.

The deaf-mutes of Worcester, Mass., are to offer the following prizes. The Levee will be held on the evening of the 21st, instead of the 22d, of February, at the request of several mutes of Boston and vicinity.

A valuable Bible, a silver napkin ring, a gold-headed cane, a beautiful workbasket, a handsome box containing cigars and matches, etc., a case with brush and comb, a guess cake, two silk handkerchiefs, etc., etc., etc.

Those who intend to come to Worcester to attend the Grand Levee on the 22d of February next, please write to William H. Green, No. 59 Grove street, for he will make arrangements for the railroad fares for them all. Come one! Come all!

Mr. Washington Houston had a splendid time at the banquet in New York City. He also made some happy New Year calls. Among those he called upon were Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Mrs. Roberts and Weinberger, of Harlem, Mr. James Lewis, and others in New York.

Wm. Ennis was at a social party, tendered to Miss Marie Kierman by the compliments of her many friends on the 5th inst. He enjoyed himself very much. There were about 30 persons present. His brother, John Ennis, was the floor manager. Philip Casey, the Alderman of the 10th Ward was present.

Rev. Mr. Mann will hold service for the mutes of the West Side, at the Cathedral, Chicago, at 10:45 a.m., and the usual 3 o'clock afternoon service on the North Side, at St. James' Church, on Sunday, February 18th. At Christ Church, St. Louis, on Sunday February 6th, he will interpret in the celebration of the Holy Communion, besides holding the usual services.

On Wednesday evening, January 5th, the Rev. Job Turner received a very kind visit from Prof. Samuel Porter at the Deaf-Mute College. He has known him for about forty-eight years. Mr. Porter still retains his mental faculties remarkably well for his advanced age. He still contributes to some periodicals. His brother is President of Yale College of New Haven, Conn., one of the best in the world.

Mrs. John Beck, of Iowa, has got twins, a boy and girl. This is the third deaf-mute in the history of Iowa that has produced twins. Has any other State produced any more than Iowa? Her husband is an industrious shingle sawyer, which occupation he has followed for over fifteen years. They have a lot and nice large house of their own; by their industry and economy they became possessed of it.

Miss Hannah Henry, a graduate of the New York Institution, came to Brooklyn on the 20th of November, from her pleasant country home. She is residing with her married sister, Mrs. Gass. She is dressmaking, and would be pleased to have deaf-mutes come and see her at 195 Park avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Also she would be delighted indeed, to have her old classmates and friends come and see her, as she has not seen them for a long time past.

On New Year's evening, there was a grand party at the house of Miss Sarah Barstow, given by the members of the Young Ladies' Literary Society, at the Deaf and Dumb Institution in Philadelphia, in honor of three of the National College students, who spent their holidays there during their Christmas vacation. We do not consider it out of place to give the names of the students: Messrs. Tufts, Zeigler and Allabough.

Fortune-telling, dancing, "wooling and winning," etc., were indulged in. The party was kept up till 11 o'clock, when it was broken up. Of course, all the lovers of pleasure seemed reluctant to get rid of such an occasion. Good news to the Y. L. L. S. The students, one and all, agree that the "happy dreamer" of that evening, and the good time they had with the "fair ones," will haunt them till their last day, and make their tasks at college seem less hard and dry.

A great deal of credit is due to the members of the Y. L. L. S., for carrying out the affair successfully.

Made to Speak.

Instances are multiplied of the sudden restoration of a paralyzed faculty by fright or injury. One would rather hear the first recovery of a dumb man's speech celebrated by thanksgivings, but the crazy fellow in the following story could hardly be held responsible for language of the opposite kind—especially as the circumstances were rather aggravating. The East Portland, (Or.) *Telegram* gives the incident:

One of the mute inmates of the insane asylum near Portland, one day not long since, suddenly recovered his speech. For years, Mr. Anderson, a dumb inmate of the asylum, had plodded along, being unable to speak a word. All efforts to bring back the use of his vocal organs were in vain, and he was told that he could never again speak.

One Sunday, the inmates were given a romp in the handsome grove, which is surrounded by a high wall, in order to sun themselves. One of the inmates, a rather wild fellow, imagined he was a squirrel, and away he went scampering up one of the tall fir trees to its top-most branches, and would neither return to solid ground for pleadings nor threats.

Anderson was near at hand and volunteered to go and bring him back. The poor unfortunate who were in the yard at the time were greatly pleased, and laughed and shouted joyfully, as Anderson climbed from branch to branch towards the top.

He had climbed about thirty feet from the ground, when a limb broke and down came Anderson bounding among the branches, finally sitting down on the ground like the hammer of a pile-driver. The warden expected to see him killed or knocked senseless, but they were astonished as Anderson sprang up, and burst into a volley of curses that would have put a trooper to blush.

He kept it up without intermission for at least ten minutes, while every body was transfixed with astonishment. He had recovered his speech, and to-day can talk as well as any person.

W. W. Swartz would like to hear from J. A. Roop.

Miss J. B. wants to know why "Bub" did not stop at Brunswick, Pa., last fall.

Miss Kate Robert, of Hanover, Pa., has been very ill with fever, but is now recovering.

The Cincinnati Letter in last week's *JOURNAL* signed "Tom Hoggarth," should have been credited to "Mercury."

It is reported that Pat. Sullivan is to be married soon to Miss Sarah Marks, both of Providence, R. I. He is now living in Newton, Mass.

Superintendent Swett, of the Beverly Industrial School, and wife attended the Levee at Boston, January 3d. Many of his friends were glad to see him looking so well.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Hamilton were at the Boston Levee, January 3d, and were much pleased to meet their old friends and make new ones. They have enjoyed themselves very much.

Miss M. H. Marks, of Fort Wayne, Ind., has been visiting relatives and friends during the holidays. She is now in Lucas, O. She was educated in Indianapolis. She is a good looking lady.

Mr. Peter Schwarz, of Baltimore is a promising lithographic engraver. He works with A. Hoerl & Co., the widely known lithographers. He says he would like to hear from Mr. Michael Coyne very much.

Mrs. Washington Houston, of West Philadelphia, while standing at the door of her home, saw an exciting buffalo chase. The animal had escaped from the International Circus which was then in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean, of Minneapolis were at Minnesota Institution on Christmas, and several following days. Their friends at the Institution, and they are many, are always glad to see them.—*Mute's Companion*.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonso Allard, of Soap fame, attended the Levee in Boston, and had a good time. He met many of his old chums and schoolmates there. Some of them did not know each other. Times have changed since they were boys.

Mrs. S. Hamilton, of Beverly, Mass., would be pleased to learn the address of Mrs. Emily J. McKinney, (nee Carpenter, of Manchester, Connecticut) now supposed to live in Willington, Conn. Answer through the *JOURNAL* or postal card.

"Mignon" asks for "Elm's" address, and he later hopes 'tis for the friendly purpose of communicating privately. She will be delighted to hear from her right away, without formality. Address to North Temescal, Alameda Co., Cal. P.O. Box 13—L. M.

Mr. Clarence Logan, of Lawrence, Mass., was at the Levee, January 3d, at Boston. He enjoyed himself very much, it being the first levee he ever attended, as he is recently from the Province of Nova Scotia, where no such affairs are held among the deaf-mutes.

Of all the Christmas presents received by those living in the Kentucky Institution, the prettiest and sweetest and nicest of all was that received by the Principal—a baby—his fifth girl, born at three o'clock Christmas morning. The *Deaf-Mute* extends congratulations to Mr. Dudley, and wishes a long and happy life to his Christmas gift.—*Deaf-Mute*.

The Beverly School has added another pupil, now making eight in all, and expect two more from Boston very soon. Mrs. Wise's two children. There has also been another inmate admitted to the home department. John Mack, of Lynn, Mass., who recently lost his parents and being unable to secure employment elsewhere in the shoe factory.

William B. Gormly, Esq., a son-in-law of N. Denton, (a deaf-mute) of Geneva, has been recently admitted to partnership in the firm of S. J. Arnold & Co., wholesale dry goods dealers of Rochester. The young man is to be congratulated on his prospect of a brilliant business career. Mr. Denton is now a guest of Mr. Gormly's.—*Geneva Gazette*.

The Bible Class has been started in good earnest for the benefit of the inmates of the Beverly School, and they are much interested in it, and wish it to be continued throughout the year. Any mutes not inmates, are cordially invited to attend it and receive instruction from the Book of Life. Miss Bowden and Mr. Hamilton takes charge of it alternately, and the prayer meeting is a continued success in the school.

The Board of Trustees of the Western Pennsylvania Deaf-Mute School, at its last meeting, adopted resolutions commending Prof. Logan, the late Principal, as a thoroughly educated gentleman, a competent teacher and an earnest worker for the amelioration of the deaf and dumb. Resolutions complimenting Mrs. Eliza P. Logan, the late Matron, were also adopted.

The Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., will lecture on "Four Months in Europe" at Chickering Hall next Monday evening, in aid of St. Ann's (Protestant Episcopal) Church, of which he is Rector. In calling attention to the lecture, Dr. Gallaudet says that the church, "with its seats free to all who will occupy them, ministers to many persons in moderate circumstances. It also provides services in the sign-language for the adult deaf-mutes of this city and vicinity, and extends to them pastoral care. It is well known that in the purchase and holding of its property in Eighteenth street, near Fifth avenue, it has been a burden, which is not yet entirely removed. To provide for the necessary expenses, special exertions must be made from time to time. One of these is a proposed lecture."—*New York Times*.

A REBUKE.

A minister who neglected his pastoral duties was once reminded of his delinquency by a sharp rebuke. A poor old deaf man resided in Fife, and was visited by the new minister shortly after his coming to the pulpit.

The minister said he would often call and see him; but time went on and he did not visit him until two years after, when, happening to go through the street where the deaf man was living, he saw his wife at the door, and could therefore do no other than inquire for her husband.

"Well, Margaret, how is Tammas?"
"None the better, o' you," was the curt reply.
"How! how! Margaret?" inquired the minister.

"Oh, ye promised two years yince to ca' and pray ones a fortnicht wi' him, and hae ne'er darkened the door sin' yince."

"Well, well, Margaret, don't be so short. I thought it was not very necessary to call. I pray with Tammas, fur he is see deaf ye ken he cannot hear me."

"But, sir, said the woman, with a rising dignity of manner, 'the Lord's no deaf!—Leisure Hours."

Last week R. D. Livingstone called at the 44th Street Institution.

Mr. Abbey Koffman visited the *JOURNAL* office last Tuesday. He sports a glossy silk hat.

Patrick Sullivan, of Providence, R. I., has secured a situation in the Boston Water-works.

Miss Georgie Decker does not expect to return to school till March. Her mother's illness is the cause.

Messrs. Holmes and White, of Boston, reported having a good time at the Gallaudet Banquet and Reception.

It is reported that there will be another levee of Deaf-Mutes in Boston incident to the memory of "Washington's birthday."

Mr. A. C. Kellom is visiting Thomas Brown, who seems to be recovering from a severe cold which he lately contracted.

Miss Amelia Richardson has gone to work in Boston. It is said that she is a first-class milliner in the straw hat line for ladies' wear.

The annual levee of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society was an assured success. Some 200 deaf-mutes participated on that happy occasion.

Little Georgie Newhall is congratulated upon his improved health. He has gained somewhat in weight. He expects to return to his place of work before long.

Dr. Gallaudet's lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association last week was very interesting. A goodly number of mutes was present, including several ladies.

Willie White, of Goffstown, N. H., has been spending a couple of days in Lynn, Mass. He has a speaking brother employed by the Eastern R. R. Co. as a telegraph operator.

Rev. Samuel Rowe, of West Boxford, Mass., has issued a pamphlet of 28 pages, about his ordination as an Evangelist. For further particulars, etc., write to him.

The only son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Beers, of Bridgeport, Ct., who has been confined to his room, is now recovering. He is 7½ years old, can talk quite well. He is idolized by his parents.

Several Boston mutes are employed in Railway Car-works. The Boston & Albany R. R. Co. employ two deaf-mutes. There are three in the Old Colony R. R. and also in Fitchburg R. R. Co.

The walking fever seems to be dying out. It is said that our popular friend, Eddie Friebse, is unwilling to walk for a wager. M. J. Smith, of St. Louis, is respectfully invited to try his speed in a friendly way.

Mr. Gilbert Hicks, of Old Westbury, L. I., recently supplied a lot of young ponies to Chas. A. Dana, the editor of the *New York Sun*. The trees were delivered in frozen balls of earth. Mr. Hicks' nurseries are very extensive and include almost every variety of tree and plant.

The marriage of Miss Annie L. Hartshorn, formerly of Mass., to Mr. Reighart, of Pennsylvania, caused some surprise among the Boston mute Community. The happy couple are congratulated upon their noble union. May they be spared to live long and happy.

Mr. Willis A. Briel, who was educated at St. Mary's Institution, Buffalo, and spent a half-year at the Rochester Institution. He is employed in the manufacturing of youths' clothing in Buffalo. We have no doubt he will succeed.

He and Miss Mary Kierman and Mrs. Preston went sleigh riding to Aurora, a few days ago. They visited Miss Grace Hastings, and had a very pleasant visit. They left Aurora, N. Y. at 6 p.m., and did not get home till 10½ p.m. They say it was a beautiful moonlight night, but the ride was not as pleasant as they expected, on account of the intense cold and the immense snow drifts.

According to the old custom of making calls on the commencement of the New Year, those Syracuse mutes, or rather "Old Salts," went to Mr. and Mrs. Rumrill's to pay due homage to this time honored custom. A very enjoyable time was had, which won't be forgotten soon. Miss Flora Willey, who is fond of playing tricks on innocent people, called Mr. C. O. Upham's attention to a piece of paper pinned to the door of the dining room, and wished to blindfold him, and see if he could touch the head of the pin after covering his eyes with a handkerchief. He walked to the door with his arm extended, but instead of touching the paper, his finger came in contact with Miss W.'s teeth. He felt himself awfully sold. Mr. E. E. Miles was called in and was in the same fix, and his face turned long and blank. Mr. E. P. Wood took the joke as gracefully as could be expected. Mr. J. E. Doran, who is always at hand to manage, barely escaped being scared. Mr. Halliey, formerly a supervisor of the boys of the New York School, knew what the trick was, and it was of no use to try to fool him. Miss Willey returned to the Rochester School January 4th, regretting that the holidays were over.

THE HOME.—While in New York City last summer, we had the pleasure of visiting the "Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes," which is conducted under the direction of Dr. Thomas Gallaudet and a Board of Trustees. We found the nine or ten inmates comfortably, but not luxuriously, provided for, and all appeared to be contented and happy. One of the oldest of them was Wm. T. Atwood, one of the early pupils of the Hartford School. He enquired eagerly after his old classmate, Edmund Booth, of Anamosa, Iowa, whom he had not met for many years. Thomas Wilson is also quite an old man. He spends his leisure moments in making oil paintings of prominent men. His production do not display any great artistic talent, but are creditable, considering the difficulties under which they are produced. We brought away with us one of his portraits bearing the title, "Victorious Major General James A. Garfield, of Ohio." We were particularly interested in the case of a lady of middle age who was made almost totally blind by an accident while sewing. Although barely able to recognize her friends, she is quite cheerful and happy, conversing readily and intelligently with those who visit the Home. She spoke to us in the highest terms respecting Dr. Gallaudet, under whose leadership the Home was founded and is carried on, remarking affectionately, "He is our shepherd, and we are his little flock." This apparently expressed the sentiments of all the inmates. It pleases them all very much to have visitors call and see them, and, judging from our own experience, those who do step in will not regret the time thus spent.—*Mute's Companion*.

It is rumored that the "S. L. N." will not participate in the entertainment to be given by the "M. L. A." Feb. 22d.

Mr. William A. Jackson, in company with Mr. Harry White visited Miss E. Howe, of Boston, lately, and enjoyed their visit very much.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone recently gave Louis Huff, of Leadville, a welcome call on the 19th of December, but stayed with him only a night.

Miss Bertha Howe has been spending a few days with her relatives in Cambridge. She resides in East Dennis, Mass., and will soon leave Boston for that place, via Rockland.

Miss Edna and Bertha Howe, (not sisters) enjoyed skating very much near their house. They have a nice large meadow which is frozen over and the ice is very smooth. It is said they are very graceful skaters.

Miss Carter and her hearing lady cousin, Miss Tisdale, visited the Navy Yard a few days ago and there met the "Adonis," Eddie Friebse, who seemed very happy to show them around. As the time was limited, they did not see all the sights.

The Annual Report of the Board of Charities of Ohio, was submitted to the Governor on the 27th of December, 1890, when the following abstract showed the number of inmates of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, with the relative cost of maintenance: Daily average, 462; cost per capita, \$165.38.—*Cleveland Herald*.

"Archimedes" was recently in Philadelphia on a visit and had a splendid time. He visited the Institution, and on Jan. 1, attended an "Apron Party" given at the residence of Miss Brownston. Among those who were present were "Bella L.—," "Honeyanway," Miss Anna, J. D. Zeigler of the National Deaf-Mute College, Mr. J. M. Pratt and many others.

The *Mutes Companion*, of Faribault, Minn., has another supplement to the regular paper for the beginning of the New Year. It contains letters written by the pupils in acknowledgment of the presents received, and the pleasure and happiness they experienced during the holidays. Prof. Noyes, the Superintendent, has in a letter to the parents of children under his care.

An ornamented calendar was recently delivered at the 44th Street Inst. with the following address written on the envelope in which it was enclosed: "Institution for DEAF MUTES."

Each of the pupils of the "House of Hope Sunday School" sent a present to some one of the State institutions in Faribault on New Year's. The deaf-mute school got a good share, and as a consequence its pupils were happy.

Exchange, in an Ohio paper, says: "If you want to study the immense variety of human face in expression, you should bend your gaze upon the mobile countenance of a deaf and dumb man when he reaches under the plank-walk for a lost nickel and picks up a raw bumble-bee by the stern."

There are various degrees of deafness. Some people's ears are in such sad condition that they couldn't hear even if, as Hood says, an earwig should carry the message in. We have always noticed, however, one peculiarity in connection with deaf people. Things which they don't want to hear must be communicated with great strength and clearness of voice. We once knew an old lady who, when asked to pay a small bill couldn't hear the speaker, though he spoke loud enough to almost lift the roof off the house. He repeated the request for the money three several times, and the last time with such vigorous vocal power that the firm hands in the hay field, nearly half a mile away, thought it was a call to dinner, and left their work. The old lady, however, went on with her knitting, as calmly as ever, and blandly remarked:—"Well, if you are as tired as that, why don't you sit down?" When the young man departed, she said blandly to her daughter, "Mary, my hearing is not as good as it used to be, is it?" The next day another young man called, but this time on her daughter, and said in very low tones, "Mary, can't you steal off this afternoon for a little stroll in the woods?" when the aged matron quietly said, "somehow my hearing is a good deal better today than it was yesterday." There are very few ears so deaf that they cannot hear what they ought not to, and still fewer which are in the condition of the ears of the Irishman who declared that he was so deaf he could not hear anything unless it was written.

The Testimonial to Dr. Gallaudet.

The Testimonial to Dr. Gallaudet on Thursday night, December 30th, was in every way deserved by him and worthy of his friends. It is rare indeed that what we call an afflicted class is able to give such proof of their gratitude and esteem. Here were over one hundred and fifty persons, to whom Providence has denied the gift of hearing and speech, who testified as truly as if in words how much they thought of one who, like his father before him, has largely devoted himself to their welfare, and to that of thousands who have suffered from like infirmity. It was quite impossible to look on the intelligent faces of this large gathering, and to observe the rapidity and ease with which in their sign-language, they could engage in conversation, not to be impressed with the nobleness of that work which has brought within the reach of these persons such means of cultivation and enjoyment. It is easy to imagine that

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Reply to "Commentor."

PLENTY OF ICE, SKATING, AND COASTING.

Our New Matron.

OPENING OF THE LECTURE COURSE.

From our Washington Correspondent.

Before entering upon the details of the week's events, we desire to place before "Commentor" a few facts in answer to his comments upon this college and its graduates, and to show wherein his conclusions were too hastily formed. In the face of the unanswerable evidence to the contrary, "Commentor" declares indirectly that the college is of no practical use whatever, but very inconsistently fails to prove wherein these assertions are true. Our graduates are represented as a useless set of young men, puffed up, conceited and "disinclined to associate freely with their less gifted brethren." This would be quite a melancholy state of things if it were true, but fortunately it is not, and to prove this, let "Commentor" tell us how many college graduates attended the late Deaf-Mute Convention, how many of them presented papers treating of our class, and finally, how many of them were elected officers of that organization?

In a scornful and defiant tone, "Commentor" asks: "Show us a single instance of a deaf-mute college graduate, who has labored disinterestedly for the cause of the deaf and dumb." We could easily reply to that question, but it is such an absurd one as to require no notice. However, we will be but too happy to inform "Commentor" where can be found college graduates that have rendered themselves illustrious and brought our class to public favor. Here, in this college, are two,—Prof. Hotchkiss and Draper, who fit the bill. The former is widely known as the editor of the defunct *Silent World*, and as a consummate master of the English Language and literature. Prof. Draper's reputation as a distinguished mute mathematician is well known, while his contributions to the *American Annals* prove his interest in the welfare of the deaf and dumb.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, will be found Prof. Robert McGregor, Principal of the Cincinnati Day School, and President of the first National Deaf-Mute Convention. In Chicago, Ill., there is Prof. D. W. George, late editor of the *Letter*, and an instructor in the same school with Prof. Emory. In Pennsylvania, there are, Prof. Logan and Ellwell, both Principals of Mute Day Schools, while throughout the Union are scattered our graduates filling subordinate positions if you will, but nevertheless good teachers of the deaf and dumb. Is it a disgrace to be a teacher and a subordinate, or is this not rather to be praised?

The very word *subordinate* enables those whom "Commentor" attempts to sneer at, and proves the inconsistency of "Commentor's" remarks. For, in the first place, the college graduates are presented to us as disinclined to associate with their less gifted brethren, and then it is shown that they are willing to serve as teachers of their class, and to be subordinate at that. "Commentor" should be able to see that the remarks on college graduates are not only untrue, but inconsistent with each other. In conclusion we would remind "Commentor" that this college is extremely young in years, and that philanthropists, as a rule, are old men; while none of our graduates have reached the age of Messrs Emly or Booth; who, by the way, are not yet very distinguished or philanthropic. In saying this, we mean no disrespect to either of those gentlemen, for we believe if any of the individuals named by "Commentor" had been consulted on the subject, they would have opened his eyes to the true state of things. As it is, we can account for the attack on the college by the supposition that "Commentor" has formed his conclusions from hearsay, or has judged all by a few.

Things have been going on without any notable interruption, if we accept the continual change in the weather, which has been on the whole, in our favor. The close of last week left us with plenty of snow and mud to interest ourselves

with, and fearing that the snow was going in earnest, several well-contested snowball battles were fought among the students. With Tuesday, a change came with another snow-fall, and since then, a pretty strong north-wester has been blowing, and has kept us active in leisure hours.

It appearing that the snow and frost had come for a stay, bob sleds were forthwith in demand, and between these and skates, fun rules supreme.

The sleds are the most popular, and are daily seen on the hill near the college where hairbreadth escapes, racing, floundering, and "belly whopping" are enjoyed to perfection. The contrivances used in the place of sleds, are as ingenious as they are unique, and in fact, those hard up do not mind using a broom as their vehicle; and from the manner in which they sweep the hill, they obtain not the least enjoyment.

Skating is, as usual, in vogue, and there is plenty of it. On all sides there are ponds of greater or less size, which are covered daily with a motley throng of pleasure seekers, who never fail to enjoy themselves. There is no telling how long this will last, and our boys are "taking time by the forelock," as the saying goes.

A NEW MATRON has come to temporarily fill the position lately held by Miss Pratt, who still continues rather precarious, but hopeful. The new incumbent is Mrs. Tuck, wife of Mr. L. C. Tuck, of the class of '70. For the present she will perform the duties of Mrs. Pratt, and will doubtless be satisfactory in her management of affairs.

THE LECTURE SEASON opened last evening with a discourse by Prof. Gordon on "The Waters of the Ocean." The scientific lectures of this gentleman being noted for their interest, a large audience of students were present when the lecture opened. The Professor opened his lecture by a reference to the maps and globe, to show the quantity of water on the earth's surface, and then very clearly proved that the sea was not a "great waste." He then took up the following seven points, and ably proved the truth of each assertion:

1. The sea is the source of the earth's water supply, and all life depends upon it.
 2. The ocean moderates the world's temperature.
 3. The ocean is the greater scavenger of the world, and purifier of the air.
 4. The ocean a help to the growth of nations.
 5. The ocean is the source of mechanical power.
 6. The ocean the great storehouse of life.
 7. The ocean the architect and builder of the land.
- The discourse opened the minds of the audience to many formerly unknown benefits of the sea, and was delivered in such an interesting manner and so ably illustrated that the end came too soon. The season now opened promises to add to our entertainment and improvement.

CONDITIONED EXAMINATIONS were held this morning for the benefit of those who failed at Christmas. Most of those who were examined, have passed successfully, and will doubtless feel more at ease than they have during the past two weeks.

LESTER MONTROSE, KENDALL GREEN, January 15, 1881.

"COLUMBUS."

CURRENT CULLINGS FROM THE BUCKEYE INSTITUTION, CONTAINING PERSONAL, SOCIAL AND SOCIETY MATTERS, WITH A REFERENCE TO THE "LATEST ARRIVAL" IN THE NEWSPAPER FIELD.

Probably no *nom de plume* that has appeared in the *JOURNAL* of late, has given rise to so much speculation, in this part of Uncle Sam's domain, as that of the mysterious "Mr. Why." To find out his real identity has been an enigma as puzzling as the 13. 14. 15, game brought out last year, and over which not a few persons went crazy in endeavoring to solve it. We fear if a one is not soon established by which "Mr. Why's" true name may be revealed, room will have to be provided in one or two insane institutions for additional patients who have lost their reason on his account. Attempts to even locate "Mr. Why" have proved a failure. Sometimes he is credited to Cincinnati, then to Pennsylvania, Washington, Columbus, then back again to Washington, where at last the *quid nunc* are positive he obtains his hash. Another thing, they all claim that he is or has had connection with the College. Probably he has, and has been initiated into the mysteries of Latin, Greek and German, with a little French thrown in; but it would be a joke if he should prove to be a person who had never seen Washington city, nor the imposing mass of brick and stone rising in majesty over the little hovels of colored people in the north-eastern corner of the city, called the National Deaf-Mute College. Whoever "Mr. Why" may be, one thing is certain, he has succeeded pretty well thus far in concealing himself, and were it not for the fact that he is causing a vast amount of misery among those who are anxious to establish his true cognomen, we would urge him to remain secluded; as it is, we advise him to leave some trace, the next time he contributes to the *JOURNAL*, by which those who have suffered on his account may obtain the balm that eases the mind.

Last Saturday being the thirty-second birthday of Mr. A. B. Green, the ladies of his class, by invitation, spent the afternoon and evening at his residence. An enjoyable time was had all around, ending with a spread in the gastronomic line; to which all did ample justice. Before leaving, the young ladies left behind them beautiful and substantial tokens of regard in honor of the occasion, and which were entirely unexpected by the recipients.

The two Literary Societies of the Institution held elections for officers Saturday evening last, old Clonian electing the following: President, Otis Vance; Vice-President, John Benedict; Secretary, Miss Ella Myers; Treasurer, Miss Emma Cady; Librarian, Lorenzo Freese; Janitor, Clarkson B. Myers; Messenger, George Reading.

Those chosen for the New Society are: President, Matt Mullen; Vice-President, Jacob Rode; Secretary, William Clark; Assistant Secretary, Gustavus Conold; Treasurer, George Kleim; Librarian, Willie Sawhill; Janitor, George McGowan; Messenger, Miss Emma Burrell. The contests for the several offices were quite spirited—the average member considering the holding of office as of much importance, and giving him a dignity for the time being among his fellow pupils that he imagines has attached to it much weight. Well, we don't blame them for this, it is a vanity natural to most of us. When the election was over there were of course long faces among the defeated candidates, and jolly ones among those who carried off the honors.

After several delays,—from various causes, Dr. Kinsman, physician to the institution, gave his lecture, "Moses" in the chapel, last Sabbath evening and interested all, as he described the career of the Mighty Captain and Law-giver, from his birth to his sudden taken off, attaching to it a lesson from which we all might learn.

The C. floor's second social for the term occurred upon Tuesday evening last, and was marked with more than usual interest by those who participated in it. Mr. Louis A. Anthony's ponderous form (215 lbs.) showed itself among those present, he having come from Delaware especially for the occasion.

Rain set in Thursday, and there was every indication that an end was to be put to sleigh riding for a while. However, during the night another "cold wave" accompanied by a heavy fall of snow drifted this way, so that by Friday morning no signs of the previous day's rain were visible except overflowed gutters frozen solid. The "Pay Hill," while it may interfere somewhat with base ball playing, is after all a good thing in winter, affording the boys a good place for coasting some of them with good sleds passing through the gate across Town street.

New York's new deaf-mute paper, *The Lantern*, shed its rays here yesterday for the first time. It is a well-printed sheet, and its managers say they do not propose to allow its columns to be besmeared with slander and gossip. All right; stick to that motto, gentlemen, and perhaps you will succeed in elevating, at least partially, the morals of the class of people for whom you have enlisted. Still we are at loss to know what "long want felt" the *Lantern* is to supply. Unless Messrs Farley, Clark & Co., are possessed with countless dollars, we fear the paper will not flourish long, in fact, will soon follow the *Letter* and *Silent People* to an early grave. The field for deaf-mute papers is large to be sure, but "the takers" are too few to warrant the publishing of more than one or two under present circumstances, which any one who has run a paper of this kind can testify. A better way would be to concentrate upon one, or two papers, and make them of such a character as would draw to them every deaf-mute who is able to appreciate the reading of papers. What we here have said, has no reference to Institution papers, which are all good enough in their way, and which have a special mission to perform—i. e., the teaching of pupils the art of printing. What we do mean is the publication of one or two papers in the interest of the deaf and dumb wholly independent of an Institution. We do not care just what papers undertake to do this. Those that come up to the standard and receive the patronage of the deaf-mute community should be the ones entitled to the field. But, for the present, the starting up of new papers, we think, is foolhardy business to those who undertake it with the recent failures yet fresh before them.

1-15-81. COLUMBUS.

Indiana Notes.

Samuel Mannon is learning to set type in the *Republican* office in Greenfield. So is Elijah L. Robinson, who spent the holidays in Indianapolis, where he attended the Deaf-Mute Sunday School in Christ's Church for four successive Sundays. One of the teachers at the Institution in Indianapolis—John L. Houdyshell—with his wife, were the guests of Eugene L. Wood, of Greenfield, during the holidays. Mr. Houdyshell, during his visit, proved himself to be a Nimrod of no mean proportions. Gov. Porter of this State, recommends in his Inaugural that our benevolent institutions, be governed by five trustees, two of whom shall be women. Will any improvement follow the appointment of women trustees in the education and training of deaf-mute boys or girls? Who knows?

We are in favor of a female deaf-mute college. By all means let us have it as soon as possible.

The dental superintendent of the Indiana Institution will soon get his walking papers. So also will his part-time steward. "I hope that all scoundrels who sacrifice the educational interests of the deaf and dumb upon the altar of political partisanship, will speedily reap the reward of their villainy. The caucus of the republican law makers in the Indiana legislature resolved on Thursday last that the benevolent institutions should be reorganized. Next to the redemption of our State from democratic misrule, the above is the best news heard by the parents of deaf-mutes. Since, in the mysterious providence of All-Wise, men without conscience, were permitted to control the institutions for the education of the deaf and dumb.

A good deaf and dumb printer could get a situation in a Greenfield (Ind.) printing office.

An article in a recent issue of the *Deaf Mute Advance*, said that descendants of Pocahontas and John Randolph of Roanoke were mutes. Randolph claimed to have the blood of Pocahontas flowing in his veins. The writer has a deaf-mute son. On his mother's side, he is third in descent from a cousin of John Randolph. Does this fact prove the *Advance* article to be true?

January 15, 1881.

A Visit to the Studio of Mr. John Carlin, the Celebrated Deaf-Mute Artist.

BY HARRY WHITE.

On 212 West Twenty-fifth St., New York, Mr. John Carlin lives, honored by all who know his genial nature, his strict integrity and his superior, though self-acquired intelligence, and respected in a profession which more than any other is crowded with competitors for fame and fortune. The house in which he lives in the practice of his profession, gives evidence of a substantial competence gained with his brush and palette.

In Mr. Carlin's studio, you are ushered into the presence of a man, tall, with long, flowing locks of hair already whitened by the touch of Time, who greets you, if an old friend, with a welcome as hearty as it is sincere; and if a mere acquaintance, with so cordial a greeting as to put you at your ease. Although his venerable aspect would lead you to suppose his age to be considerable over seventy, he, in reality, wants only two turns more of the encircling seasons to reach that age. Notwithstanding his being in the "sere, yellow leaf," his bodily activity has retained something of its youthful vigor. As to his mental activity, if there is any loss of power, it is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible. Indeed, no man so aged is more sprightly or witty in conversation.

In a glance around the studio, you see much that pleases the eye. There is an air of comfort and elegance about the room that cannot but gratify the most fastidious taste and appeal to the most acute sense of beauty. The walls are adorned with the productions of his genius, in sizes and colors of the most various description. One large painting, in gloomy colors, arrests your eye. You gaze upon it with a sensation of awe, for you are looking upon a doomed city. The massive, many-arched and pillared buildings shaken to their foundations, are seen to be in the act of toppling over; while in one of the most massive edifices—the Temple—a great rent is visible, occasioned by the earthquake. The terror-stricken inhabitants are running hither and thither in the wildest distraction, not knowing which way to turn; and in the dim distance, through the murky atmosphere heavy with burning liquid, the lurid glare of a volcano is visible in its terrible process of eruption. It needs no tongue nor pen to tell that this is Pompeii. Built upon a hill, with a valley between, the inhabitants deemed it impossible that the volcanic contents of Mount Vesuvius could ever engulf the town and blot it from the face of the earth; but so it happened. The Pompeians revelled in fancied security, imitating the excesses of Sodom and Gomorrah of old, while the earth gathered its strength for one mighty, destructive effort, and in its throes of convulsion two proud, powerful cities were levelled and buried beneath its debris. The force of the volcanic eruption was such that the descending lava fell upon the doomed town instead of into the valley below. How futile is human wisdom in its plans of defence against the forces of Nature! The effects of light and shade in this dark and gloomy picture, seem to have been admirably managed, though, as Mr. Carlin said, it had not received the finishing touches.

Now turn we to another painting, as large but more cheerful, (more cheerful in respect to color). As Mr. Carlin remarked, it is an unsalable picture, from the nature of its subject, which is one that other painters or artists have always avoided. It represents the Jewish Elders or Rabbis in the act of bribing the Roman soldiers who guarded the body of our Lord after His crucifixion, to seal their lips after his wonderful resurrection, and to impute the disappearance of His body to the theft of the Disciples. As it happens, the Jews are the best patrons of religious paintings, hence dealers in pictures would not take such as are likely to wound their pride or race feeling.

After a few moments' absence, Mr. Carlin appeared with three different specimens of his artistic skill. These, he remarked, were his regular dues to an association of artists, of which he is a member. This association, the exact name of which has escaped my memory, is the best of any societies ever devised for the relief or benefit of members. At stated intervals, the members are requested to furnish three samples of their work, which are then sold at public auction. One hundred dollars out of the proceeds of the sale go into the association's treasury, and what is left over and above that sum goes into the pockets of the artists. The paintings of the association always meet with a quick and ready sale, for the reason that it numbers among its members some of the best artists of the city. The great utility of such an association is so obvious that artists of all classes have applied in great numbers for a membership; but the association is full, and the number is limited, and hundreds have turned away in bitter disappointment. Mr. Carlin is fortunate in being a member of such an association.

The first of the three paintings represents a grandpa and a grandma's joy at the sight of twin babies recently born into this world; the proud and happy mother stands at the window holding aside the curtains, in order to let more light into the darkened room. The characters, or rather figures, if you will, seem to have been drawn from the better class of country people—a comfortable and substantial class. Mr. Carlin styles it the "Visit of Grandpa and Grandma to their Twin Grandchildren," but the picture is drawn with such an accuracy of detail—even to the half open breast of the mother—a touch at once careless and natural, that it speaks for itself. The meaning flashes at once upon the beholder; he who runs may easily read the simple, homely tale. Mrs. Carlin sat for the rejoicing grandmother, in whose features a slight resemblance to her own may be detected, and Mr. Carlin, himself, furnished the model for the grandfather. The sleep of the two innocents, as they lay side by side in the rude cradle, was sweetly depicted.

Here, Mr. Carlin showed another painting which represented the hero of Cooper's tales, "Leatherstocking," in a canoe with the Indian chief, Uncas and his son, and with Connel Munro, who was then wending his way through the trackless wilderness to Canada in search of his daughter, who had been abducted by the Indians. The sorrow and anxiety on the father's face were too truthfully portrayed. That musing old hunter, who rarely spoke except to the purpose through his long rifle, was to be seen levelling that deadly weapon above his head at another canoe in the rear filled with Indians in their war paint, who had cried out at the first sight of him, that name dreaded far and wide among the Indian tribes—"La Longue Carabine." The whole scene was well imagined and drawn.

Time will not admit of any further description of Mr. Carlin's studio, and I will close with the hope that all will agree with me that deaf-mute, as he is, Mr. Carlin possesses the genius of an artist and the soul of an historian. I cannot close, however, without remarking that delightful as a visit is to Mr. Carlin's studio, the intelligent conversation and hearty good will of the host, which impress you with the idea that he is pleased to be entertaining you, render it still more delightful.

Pennsylvania Institution Notes.

"Who is the coming man?" Will he be young, handsome, accomplished, polite, and rule us with gentle, winsome ways, or cold, stern, majestic and commanding, whom we will all suspect while we fear him? have been the fussy questions going the rounds in the first class for the past two weeks, without receiving a correct answer, till our Principal took us by storm this morning in the midst of our lessons, introducing as teacher Prof. Henry S. Hitchcock, from the boy's side, and if he is not a good specimen of a girl's ideal in appearance, come, see, and judge for yourselves; time will tell us the rest. "Hieronymus" is to fill the vacancy made by our new teacher on the boy's side. We most seriously hope he will find his new position pleasant, and not accuse us of trying to catch "a gold fish." Gold fish are dangerous, and we don't care even for one, let him be ever so near.

No school in the afternoon—24th ult.—began our holidays, and the march for "home, sweet home," was kept up till evening by one half, while the other half displayed their physical strength, bearing boxes of all sizes to the play room, and their modestly seated themselves around to watch the dressing of the tree.

Christmas morning, as usual, all assembled in chapel. The exercises were opened by Mr. Foster, and all the pupils repeated the Lord's Prayer in signs. Afterwards, an address was made by ex-Mayor Fox, which was translated into signs by Mr. Foster. Then came the most interesting part of the programme—the distributing of presents—which far surpassed those of former years. Our Superintendent and other officers had taken particular pains to please all, and were successful. The dinner, too, was well gotten up and served. Sled riding in the yard, playing games and receiving calls, based away the smiling hours we fain would have linger. Eight o'clock brought a novel change, our Principal having suggested that we might entertain one another in chapel by story telling.

Modesty seemed to take the lead on our side. Only two of the girls took the stage in the presence of our lords and masters, who succeeded one another in good style. Among them we noticed "Hieronymus" and "our Robbie," and I methinks "Little Rep" was not far off.

During the holiday week, every one seemed to be in high spirits. We had several calls from "em students," and among them was Mr. Tufts, of Massachusetts. Hope he won't think we have the "autograph album fever" here.

New Year's evening, a small necktie and apron party was given at the residence of Dr. Barstows. His daughter, (best known in the *JOURNAL* as "Keystone"), was assisted in receiving guests by "Queen Bess," and "Queen of the Three." "Keystone" appeared to have a little more than ordinary curiosity, and went peeping into our futures with a mischievous set of numbers. But she cautioned the future brighter than we had reason to expect, and none were seen sighing at that much detested name beginning with D. M. "Archimedes" was present in his dainty new gingham necktie, corresponding with his fair partner's apron, and whirled light and airy through the maze of dances.

Our charming "Hieronymus" was, of course, not left out in the cold, although he seemed well prepared to meet any fate, in fact, he was the most fortunate mouse in the box, having fished out the tie meant for him and no other. Not so with our Robbie, whom we caught in a corner exchanging ties with Prof. Pratt, and then went promenading with the wrong lady. Mr. Allabough had the sweetest, quaintest little tie of all, at least it became him so well we were all led to think so and envied him to the very core of our hearts, on finding, though standing on tiptoes, we could not place our own wish-bones over the door, therefore were obliged to let him into our secret.

Industrial Classes for Girls.

Mr. Editor:—The "Sketches" are now well off my hands, and I feel relieved. Their editorship was in some respects a difficult and delicate task, but the assurance of its completion to the satisfaction of those most nearly concerned, together with the hope that it may ultimately prove some slight aid to the cause of articulation, affords me compensating pleasure.

The action taken on the subject of articulation at the recent Conference in Milan is indeed an encouraging sign of the times, and I have faith to believe that through the success of this method of instruction, the condition of our whole class is to be greatly ameliorated within the next quarter of a century. The chief stumbling block in the way, I am told, lies in the difficulty of impressing upon the mind of the rising generation, the incalculable advantages, conducive to their future welfare and happiness, which the ability to use oral speech and understand the speech of others, confers upon the deaf. It is not until after they leave their respective *alma maters* that they begin to fully realize that the normal world around them will not conform to their abnormal condition, then they understand how valuable an acquisition is speech and lip-reading, both in social and business life.

Now to change the subject, permit me to say a few words of personal interest to my silent sisters. I have watched the discussion of the college question all along with profound interest, yet with feelings of increasing skepticism as to the need of such an institution. And the conclusion now arrived at is that the most weighty articles which have appeared upon the subject—weighty because they emanated from the pens of those most competent to speak in the premises, and whose arguments were based upon the solid foundation of facts—point to the unnecessary of a college. A friend lately writing to me upon this subject says that "the ability to speak and to read the lips, would prove ten times more beneficial to the young ladies than a knowledge of the Classics."

As to the plan proposed by our Chicago friends, of a National Industrial High School, although excellent and practical in character it is, I fear, impracticable to carry out, for several reasons. My recent researches in the realm of articulation brought me to the knowledge that it is becoming more and more the custom for wealthy parents to educate their deaf daughters at home on the oral method, hence the majority of the girls who attend our various institutions come from that class which requires just that practical education, which will best prepare them to support themselves independently, if they do not marry) and be able to marry a poor man, and bravely share his struggles, if love points that way. The proposed National Industrial High School would be inaccessible to the reach of those needing its benefits most. Therefore it seems the most practicable plan would be for the various institutions to establish Industrial Classes for the purpose of teaching our silent sisters these trades for which they show the most aptitude. It is a crying shame that, while the boys are taught several good trades, the girls are turned off with nothing more than a knowledge of the mere rudiments of housework, plain and fancy sewing. Many, very many of our silent sisters have a latent store of ingenuity, taste, and skill, which if utilized, would repay them handsomely in substantial dol-

lars. Good dressmakers, milliners, and cooks are ever in demand. Then why not form classes to teach these useful and highly honorable vocations. With the ability to read the lips, the field of employment might be indefinitely widened, and many employers who now refuse to engage deaf ladies, on account of the annoyance and loss of time entailed in giving written directions, would unhesitatingly employ those who could talk and read the lips. With this latter valuable accomplishment united to a good English education and a good trade, many of the substantial prizes of life lie within the reach of our bright young ladies, and as I have once before remarked, it is not at all improbable that some day one of our number may preside with grace and dignity over the "White House." To my certain knowledge, none of the ladies who have reigned there were college graduates.

It is not always the most highly educated women who succeed best in the welfare of life. Many fail through the lack of practical common sense, and executive ability. I am told that scores of this class occupy the sky-parlors of second rate city boarding houses, and eke out a scanty subsistence by taking a few pupils in music or the languages, because, forsooth, such employment is genteel, while they might fare well, dress well and put by something for the inevitable rainy day, if they were mistress of some good trade.

Our silent sisters should read the daily papers, and learn about the doings of the busy world at home and abroad. They should also make themselves acquainted with business matters to a certain extent, that they may understand how to safely invest their earnings, etc. To those in search of useful practical information, I will mention a little book which should be in every household "Home and Health."

MYRA E. ALDEN.

DIXMONT, Jan. 12, 1881.

The mind has a certain vegetative power which cannot wholly be idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated in to a beautiful garden it will of itself shoot up weeds or flowers.

A Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district, all studied and appreciated as they merit, are the principal support of virtue, morality and civil liberty.

An attorney, about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as he could." "Ah," replied the attorney, "that's what you say to your foreman, but that's not the way I make my bread."

The Rev. Job Turner's Appointments.

The Rev. Job Turner, a deaf-mute minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, under the auspices of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, will (D. V.) visit the following places to hold Divine Service for Deaf-Mutes and those interested in their welfare:

Richmond, Va.,	January 9th.
Fredericksburg, Va.,	" 11th.
Wytheville, Va.,	" 13th.
Lynchburg, Va.,	" 16th.
Petersburg, Va.,	" 18th.
Norfolk, Va.,	" 20th.
Raleigh, N. C.,	" 23d.
Wilmington, N. C.,	" 25th.
Greensboro, N. C.,	" 26th.
Charlotte, N. C.,	" 27th.
Spartanburg, S. C.,	" 30th.
Athens, Ga.,	February 2d.
Atlanta, Ga.,	" 6th.
Macon, Ga.,	" 8th.
Savannah, Ga.,	" 10th.
Charleston, S. C.,	" 13th.
Tallahassee, Fla.,	" 16th.
Jacksonville, Fla.,	" 20th.
Eufaula, Ala.,	" 23d.
Montgomery, Ala.,	" 27th.
Mobile, Ala.,	" 30th.
New Orleans, La.,	March 2d.
Morgan City, La.,	" 13th.
Galveston, Texas,	" 20th.
San Antonio, Texas,	" 23d.
Austin, Texas,	" 27th.
Little Rock, Ark.,	" 30th.
Memphis, Tenn.,	April 3d.
Oxford, Miss.,	" 10th.
Kosciusko, Miss.,	" 13th.
Jackson, Miss.,	" 15th.
Vicksburg, Miss.,	" 17th.
Baton Rouge, La.,	" 20th.
Livingston, Ala.,	" 24th.
Tallahassee, Fla.,	" 27th.
Cave Spring, Ga.,	" 29th.
Knoxville, Tenn.,	May 1st.
Chattanooga, Tenn.,	" 4th.
Danville, Ky.,	" 6th.
Lexington, Ky.,	" 8th.
Louisville, Ky.,	" 15th.
Hopkinsville, Ky.,	" 18th.
Nashville, Tenn.,	" 22d.
Jackson, Tenn.,	" 25th.
St. Louis, Mo.,	" 29th.
Cincinnati, O.,	June 5th.
Maysville, Ky.,	" 6th.
Parkersburg, W. Va.,	" 8th.
Clarksburg, W. Va.,	" 9th.
Wheeling, W. Va.,	" 12th.
Pittsburg, Pa.,	" 13th.
Charlestown, W. Va.,	" 16th.
Stanton, W. Va.,	" 16th.

The services will be conducted with the assistance of the Rectors, who will use the Church Service in the spoken, while the same is rendering in the sign-language. The sermon will be read by the Rector to the speaking and hearing, at the same time it will be delivered in the sign-language for the benefit of the deaf-mutes attending.

The service, while it does not materially interfere with the ordinary services held in the Church, may be of interest to those who are not familiar with the deaf-mute language; and it is hoped that good may result.

Rev. Job Turner would be happy to meet Rev. Mr. Mann in St. Louis, Cincinnati and Pittsburg.

He was a clever printer-man—
Upon a stool he sat,
And calmly watched the copy-book
And gobbled up the fat.

The book was awful lean that night,
And with a purpose in his eye,
He hummed and hawed and slugged away,
And "sojering" like all forty.

He heard the paragraphist say:
"A p-oem have I writ—
The editor now scans it o'er,
'Twill be here in a bit."

The printer-man jayed in his soul,
His heart was happy, very—
He hummed and hawed and slugged away
And "sojered" all so merry.

Alas, that poem all so fair
Came not his string to save,
It climbed the golden ladder rim
And found an early grave.

But still he "sojered"—"sojered" on,
Nor stayed for this nor that;
For when can turn the printer's soul
When "sojering" for fat?

The paper went to press, and still
Upon his stool he sat;
And hummed and hawed and slugged away
A "sojering" for fat.

Unto this very day he's there—
Perhaps you, printer, know him?
He "sojers" morning, noon and night,
Awaiting for that poem.

Things that Would be Funny to See and Know.

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

Prof. R. H. Atwood wear a necktie.
To know "Mr. Why's" real name.
Amos Eldridge give a hearty hand-
shake to those he meets without look-
ing around.

Mr. John Donell grow fat.
Prof. McGregor without his plug.
Rev. J. Turner refuse a glass of
lemonade and some cake.

Prof. J. D. H. Stewart smoke in
public.

"Lord Roscoe" get married to
that Chillicothe belle.

The senior bachelor Prof., of the
National Deaf-Mute College, take
unto himself a wife.

Prof. Hotchkiss hear a recitation
without referring to base ball.

L. D. Waite and "Mignon" ex-
change letters again.

The JOURNAL correspondents in
convention assembled.

"Columbus" become reconciled to
stogies.

To know what the Anderson Liter-
ary Society did with those two boxes
of starch.

R. L. H. Long lay aside his gold
glasses.

James Gilbert pass through a full
course of the College.

"We, Us & Co." stick to his *nom
de plume*.

Lars M. Larson go back on the
Young Men's Christian Association.

Harry White confess he was hasty
in arguing that religious discussion
should be forever excluded from Na-
tional Conventions of the deaf and
dumb.

Persons who are anxious to read
the JOURNAL, and who generally bor-
row it, subscribe for the paper.

Prof. J. D. H. Stewart kiss that
black doll.

Prof. Robert Patterson commence
smoking again.

George W. Halse become a Republi-
can.

Miss Cassie Smith not know when
pay day came around.

A paper published at the Penn-
sylvania Institution.

The average student at the Nation-
al College pass an examination with-
out cramming.

Miss L. C. Thompson show some
love for deaf-mutes, and acknowledge
she has a sister thus afflicted.

Prof. Draper refrain from apeing
the manners of President Gallaudet.

Mr. J. M. Park forget to wipe his
moustache when about beginning a
lecture.

D. W. George enter an Episcopal
Church to see Rev. Thomas Gallaudet
conduct a service.

Rev. A. W. Mann make a spirited
sermon, and leave out his Thomas
Gallaudet style of delivery.

The *Advance* editor talk without
grinning.

Prof. Chapin become a blonde.

The Philadelphia Institution stop
taking in Superintendents.

How much Prof. Emery, of Chica-
go paid for those degrees.

Among the heads of the institu-
tions, it would be funny to see
President Gallaudet sit at a banquet
between Ben Butler and Washburn,
of Illinois.

Supt. McIntire assume control of
the Indiana Institution again.

Supt. Ford, of Texas, enforce those
Rules of Silence among his pupils.

Supt. Perry, of Ohio, write trans-
parent editorials in the *Chronicle*.

Supt. Wilkinson takes back Prof.
Tuck.

Supt. Kinney keep his hair well
combed.

Supt. Hammond keep his temper.

Supt. Gillespie wrestle with Mr.
Reid.

Dr. Peet say a harsh word in public
and reform his "Peetish" signs.

Prof. Denison tell all he saw at the
Milan Conference.

Prof. Storrs, of Hartford, quit riding
his hobby of "Grammatical diagrams."

Prof. Westervelt confess that his
method of teaching deaf-mutes is an
utter failure.

Supt. Gudger, of North Carolina,
"resurrect the monster."

Supt. Glenn, of Indiana, extracting
the grinders (in signs) when flogging
the imps.

Supt. Gillet remain at his post one
whole year.

Supt. Noyes, of Minnesota, become
a light weight.

Supt. Foster forego his fragrant
Havana.

Supt. Williams have a paper es-
tablished at his Institution.

And finally to know.

Ma. Why! Why!!

Editor JOURNAL:—In the issue of
the JOURNAL of January 6th, appears
an article from the pen of Mr. D. W.
George, of Chicago, commenting on
an article of mine, which appeared in
a previous issue. Mr. George ex-
presses views directly opposite to
those I advanced on the subject of
the college for mute ladies. I am
glad he has given his opinion, as the
subject should be thoroughly dis-
cussed. Mr. George's chief objec-
tions to the plan I proposed are that
the College at Washington was found-
ed "for young gentlemen only," and
he is opposed to the co-education of
the sexes, beyond the period of child-
hood.

Mr. George was educated at the
National College, and should have
more knowledge of the rules govern-
ing that institution than one who
has never been enrolled among its
students. But still he must be mis-
taken when he states that that Col-
lege was founded by Congress
"with the distinct understanding that
it was for the benefit of young
men only." In the Twelfth Annual
Report of the Columbia Institution is
an Appendix containing the Constitu-
tion of and all the Acts of Congress
relative to that Institution from its
foundation in 1857, to March 3d,
1869. From the Constitution, Article
16, it will be seen that the Institu-
tion was established for the deaf-
mute children of the District of Co-
lumbia. By an act approved May
29th, 1858, the benefits of the Institu-
tion are extended to the deaf-mute
children of enlisted men in the army
and navy. So far, the Columbia In-
stitution has been a simple school, re-
ceiving children of both sexes. The
Collegiate department was added in
1864. By an act approved April 8th
of that year, the Directors are empow-
ered to grant degrees in the liberal
arts to "such pupils and others" as
they may consider entitled to them
by their proficiency in learning. In
none of these acts nor in any subse-
quent ones, as far as I can find, is
there a word to imply that the Col-
lege was founded for young gentle-
men exclusively. In the last Annual
Report of the College is a catalogue of
students by States, 1864-80. In
this, are the names of five ladies, two
from Pennsylvania, two from the
Federal District and one from Mary-
land. Their names are published in
the list as students, although they
appear not to have pursued the course
beyond the Preparatory Department.
How did they come to be students if,
as Mr. George says, the College was
founded for young men only.

Mr. George's second objection is to
the co-education of the sexes. He
doubts whether it is not more injur-
ious than beneficial. As Mr. George
says, there are many well meaning
people on both sides of the question,
and it is one that has been so fre-
quently discussed, that I will not
take up your valuable space with a
repetition of the arguments in its
favor, such as the refining influence
which ladies exercise on all with
whom they are thrown in contact,
and the generous rivalry which re-
sults when both sexes are in the same
class.

The plan I proposed is, I think, the
best calculated to secure the desired
result. If a better and more prac-
table one is offered, I will heartily
endorse it.

Now, Mr. Editor, allow me to say a
few more words about the proposed
College and I have done. I will say
frankly that my views in regard to
the necessity of a College for ladies
have been materially altered during
the past few weeks. So many able
arguments have been brought against
it, and no action whatever has been
taken by those who would be suppos-
ed to be the most interested. Not a
single prospective lady student has
yet spoken. Let us give our silent
sisters a chance for higher education
if they really desire it; but unless
some decided action is taken by the
would-be-students, the matter had
better be allowed to rest where it is.

C. P. FOSDICK.
DANVILLE, KY., Jan. 13, '90.

Mrs. Isabella C. Ewen is weaving
me a fine scarf $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide by 6 feet
long.

Snow is only six inches deep here,
on the level. The roads are splendid.

We expect to have a grand party at
Washington's birthday. Special in-
vitations will be sent out in time.
A grand time is expected.

Bob.

Michigan Personals and Chaps.

More news just now.
We now write it 1881.
Did you have a good time Christ-
mas and New Year?
Did the old Santa Claus remember
you?

Let us swear off this year.
1881—New Year—reads backward
and forward the same.

The cold snap bothered the gas at
the Institution New Year's evening,
although it did not spoil the social.
They used the old fashioned candles.

Mr. Hiram L. Ball, of Mexico,
N. Y., who came to Newaygo,
Mich., to visit his step-mother last
November, stopped at Flint to see his
old friend, Prof. Sidney Howard on
his way home on Monday. They
came to our office, and we were
very happy to put his name on our
increasing acquaintance list. We
should be glad to see him come again.

The girl's Supervisor at the Institu-
tion refused to dance New Year's
evening.

We have not heard from some
parties of Detroit yet.

Prof. Sidney Howard made New
Year's calls on Mrs. Emma De Motte
and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Aldrich.
On foot!

Mr. Bradley and family have been
compelled to move to his farm from
this city.

Why don't some mutes of Detroit,
Jackson, or other part in Michigan,
furnish the JOURNAL with their cor-
respondence?

John Ansbrow thinks of selling his
shop and moving to Vassar.

James Sullivan, of the *Globe* office,
Flint, was presented on Christmas
with a pair of cuff-buttons from a
good lady.

They are to have another entertain-
ment at the Institution when the
members of Legislature visit.

There will be a debate between
Professor Howard and Buchanan at the
Literary Society room at the In-
stitution, for the benefit of the pupils
of the said society next Saturday
evening, Jan. 16.

Mr. Bradley's ears were frozen.

Some of the pupils from the Institu-
tion, learning from the JOURNAL
came to the *Globe* office to see Mr.
Jimmy Sullivan's new hat last Sat-
urday, and he hardly knew what to
say.

The Michigan Legislature are to
visit the Institution January 25th.

Mr. Sullivan had a narrow escape
from having his hands and ears frozen.
Buy extra mittens and muffs.

Is the Michigan "Newcomer"
sick with the Epizootic?

Bob, the latest Michigan corres-
pondent of the JOURNAL, please send
some more news.

In our opinion, the college is no
good for the mute ladies. We'll bet
that they will never succeed.

Mr. Ronlo wants us to say through
the JOURNAL that he corresponds
with about five ladies.

Boys, please drop that college sub-
ject, and let the girls speak them-
selves.

What do the Ohio boys think of
our last letter in number 51 of
this paper in the relation to the
Grand Pic-nic of Michigan mutes at
Put-in-Bay, Ohio, next summer?
Don't forget encouraging your fellow
and girl to be present.

Mr. George Holland, of Jonesville,
Mich., is a marble-engraver by trade.
He is a first-class gentleman and wears
nice clothes. He lives with his
widowed mother. He is quite an old
bachelor!

The *Mirror* used to be the best
printed paper in the U. S. Institu-
tions, but the *Hawk-Eye* is now in its
place.

Taking girls out for a sleigh ride
is now in order.

Congratulations will be in order
for the Flint mute shoemaker in the
near future.

John N. Lowry, of South Saginaw,
is to visit Flint, in February or March,
when the mill closes for repairs.

Will the Rev. Job. Turner come
here and give the Flint boys some
good advice? More news by and by.

COLLINS C. C.—Y.
FLINT, Jan. 10, 1881.

GEORGE ELIOT'S ROMOLA.

A timely interest is given, by the
death of the author, to the new edi-
tion of her masterpiece, "Romola,"
just issued by the American Book
Exchange, New York. It shows her
work at its best and strongest, and at
the same time gives the reader the
opportunity to acquire a lasting
familiarity with the scenes and society
of mediæval Italy. It is one of the
few really great historical novels of
the world. It is issued in handy and
beautiful form, extra cloth binding,
simple but rare elegance and taste in
design, and like the other issues of
the "Literary Revolution" its cost is
almost nominal, viz., 35 cents. It is
one of a series intended to form a
library of classic fiction, which will
include one representative and char-
acteristic work of each of the great
authors who have won lasting fame
in the realm of fiction. Life is too
short and too full of work to permit
the reading of all that is beautiful
and valuable in these creations of the
imagination, but even very busy
people can find time to read one book

by each of the score of authors who
have won immortal fame and place in
the affections of the people. Not to be
acquainted with them is to be ignorant
of much that is most important and
most interesting in the history of na-
tions and of men. Not to possess
them is to be deprived of most fruit-
ful and most profitable sources of en-
joyment. Among those issued or
nearly ready are Scott's "Ivanhoe,"
Bulwer's "Pompeii," Irving's "Knick-
erbocker," Cooper's "Mohicans,"
"Tom Brown at Rugby," "Adven-
tures of Don Quixote," and "Jarda,
a Romance of Ancient Egypt." Full
catalogue of standard publications
will be sent on request, by the Ameri-
can Book Exchange, Tribune Build-
ing, New York.

A Word to His Young Friends.

R. J. BURDETTE.

You can probably be rich, my son,
if you will be. If you make up your
mind now that you will be a rich
man, and stick to it, there is very
little doubt that you will be very
wealthy, tolerably mean, loved a
little, hated a great deal, have a big
funeral, be blessed by the relatives to
whom you leave the most, reviled by
those to whom you leave less, and
vilified by those to whom you leave
nothing.

But you must pay for it, my son.
Wealth is an expensive thing. It
costs all it is worth. If you want to
be worth a million dollars it will cost
you just a million dollars to get it.
Broken friendships, intellectual star-
vation, loss of social enjoyment, de-
privation of generous impulses, the
smothering of manly aspirations, a
limited wardrobe and a scanty table,
a lonely home because you fear a lo-
vely wife and beautiful home would be
expensive, a hatred of the heathen, a
dread of the contribution-box, a
haunting fear of the Woman's Aid
Society, a fretful dislike of poor
people because they won't keep their
misery put out of your sight, a little
sham benevolence that is worse than
none; oh, you can be rich, young
man, if you are willing to pay the
price. Any man can get rich who
doesn't think it is too expensive.
True, you may be rich and be a man
among men, noble and Christian and
grand and true, serving God and
blessing humanity, but that will be
spite of your wealth, and not as a
result of it. It will be because you
always were that kind of a man. But
if you want to be rich merely to be
rich, if that is the breadth and height
of your ambition, you can be rich, if
you will pay the price. And when
you are rich, son, call round at this
office and pay for this advice. We
will let the interest compound from
this date.

The Value of Time.

The most profound mathematician
could not estimate the amount of
valuable time that is continually be-
ing wasted, and that, too, in a most
wanton manner, by both the young
and the old. It is only at too late
an hour that these spendthrifts of
time begin to see the folly of which
they have been guilty in foolishly
wasting so much valuable time.

Physicians have ascertained and
determined just the number of hours
necessary for the needful refreshments
of mind and body and for the healthy
continuance of this life; yet how
many need or are governed by this
allotment of time for health? Too
much time by far is spent in sleep.
A young man, if he goes to school or
business, will rise only at such a time
as will allow him sufficient time to
prepare his toilet, eat his breakfast,
and reach in time his school or place
of business; and this wanton habit
is not confined to young men.

Young ladies, men and women, all
are guilty of wantonly wasting their
time. To sleep one or two hours
longer than is necessary, deducts
just so much from the refreshment
we otherwise would bestow on our
mind and body, for we are benefitted
only by just the requisite amount of
sleep—no more. All in excess of
that quantity does the recipient no
good whatever; on the contrary, is
productive of injury; for it weakens
the body and stupifies the mind.
But when we take that only which
nature demands, the body is invigor-
ated, and all its powers are renewed
or renovated. Let those persons who
are guilty of sleeping late in the
morning, and those who, when aris-
ing, only idle away their time, try,
just for an experiment, and see how
much can be accomplished in a day
in which not an hour has been wast-
ed. Besides, this habit of industry
will in time become a part, so to
speak, of their second nature; and
the interest accruing therefrom will
not come amiss, financially or intel-
lectually.

Nommes de Plume of Authors.

Doubtless more American writers
use nommes de plume than the public
is generally aware of. The follow-
ing partial list, with their real names
opposite, will make a fine slip for a
scrap book:

Jennie June—Mrs. Jennie C. Croly.
Josh Billings—Henry W. Shay.
Marian Harland—Mrs. M. V. Ter-
hune.
Gail Hamilton—Miss Mary K. Dodge.
Miles O'Reilly—Col. C. G. Halpine.
Edmund Kirke—J. R. Glimore.
F. Falkland—G. L. Wilson.
Minnie Mintwood—Miss M. K. E.
Wager.
Mark Twain—Samuel T. Clemmens.
Mrs. Partington—B. P. Shillaber.
Shirley Dare—Susan C. Dunning.

Petroleum V. Nasby—D. R. Locke.
Uncle Luke—Lucius C. West.
Grave Greenwood—Mrs. Sara J. C.
Lippincott.
Paul Cretton—J. T. Towbridge.
Oliver Optic—Wm. F. Adams.
Trusta—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
Timothy Tiptomb—Dr. J. G. Hol-
land.
A. H. Kinton—Alphonso A. Hopkins.
Eli Perkins—Melville D. Landon.
John C. Walker—J. W. Reilly.
"Hawkeye Man"—R. J. Burdette.
M. Quad—Lewis of the Detroit Free
Press.
Fat Contributor—A. Minor Griswold.
"Danbury Newman"—J. M. Bailey.
George Eliot—Mrs. Lewes.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Not being untutored in suffering, I
learn to pity those in affliction.—[Vir-
gil.

Politeness has been well defined as
benevolence in small things.—Macau-
lay.

Calumny would soon starve and die
if itself if nobody took it in and gave
it lodging.—[Leighton.

He who reigns within himself, and
rules passions, desires and fears, is
more than a king.—[Milton.

When a man has not a good reason
for doing a thing, he has one good
reason for letting it alone.—[Walter
Scott.

An avowal of poverty is a disgrace
to no man; to make no effort to es-
cape it is indeed disgraceful.—[Thucy-
dides.

Sweet is the breath of praise when
given by those whose own high merit
claims the praise they give.—[Hannah
More.

When Death, the great reconciler,
has come, it is never our tenderness
that we repeat of, but our severity.
—George Eliot.

Never respect men merely for their
riches, but rather for their philan-
thropy; we do not value the sun for
its height, but for its use.—[Bailey.

In most quarrels there is a fault on
both sides. A quarrel may be com-
pared to a spark, which cannot be
produced without a flint as well as
steel.—Colton.

Vegetables.

A French cook gives the following
general rules for cooking all kinds of
vegetables. Green vegetables should
be thoroughly washed in cold water,
and then be dropped into water which
has been salted and is just beginning
to boil. There should be a table-
spoonful of salt for every two quarts
of water. If the water boils a long
time before the vegetables are put
in it has lost all gases, and the min-
eral ingredients are deposited on the
bottom and sides of the kettle, so
that the water is flat and tasteless;
then the vegetables will not look well
or have a fine flavor. The time for
boiling green vegetables depends very
much upon the age and how long
they have been gathered. The
younger and more freshly gathered the
more quickly they are cooked. Below
is a good time-table for cooking ve-
getables:

Potatoes, boiled thirty minutes.
Potatoes, baked forty-five minutes.
Sweet potatoes, boiled forty-six
minutes.
Sweet potatoes, baked, sixty min-
utes.
Squash, boiled, twenty-five min-
utes.
Squash, baked, forty-five minutes.
Green beans, boiled, twenty to forty
minutes.
Shelled beans, boiled, sixty min-
utes.
String beans, one to two hours.
Green corn, twenty-five to sixty
minutes.
Asparagus, fifteen to thirty min-
utes.
Spinach, one to two hours.
Tomatoes, fresh, one hour.
Tomatoes, canned, one-half hour.
Cabbage, three-fourths to two
hours.
Cauliflower, one to two hours.
Dandelions, two to three hours.
Beet greens, one hour.
Onions, one to two hours.
Beets, one to five hours.
Turnips, white, one and one-half to
two hours.
Turnips, yellow, one and one-half
to two hours.
Parsnips, one to two hours.
Carrots, one to two hours.

Nearly all these vegetables are eaten
dressed with salt, pepper and butter,
but sometimes a small piece of lean
pork is boiled with them, and seasons
them sufficiently.

Intellectual People.

Physical beauty rarely associates it-
self with great mental ability; but still
there have been many notable excep-
tions.

Miss Lander was rather pretty and
feminine in the face, but Miss Sedg-
wick, Miss Parke, Miss Leslie and
the late Anna Maria and Jane Porter
had a forehead as high as that of an
intellectual man.

We never knew of any very talent-
ed man who was admired for his per-
sonal beauty. Pope was very homely;
Dr. Johnson was no better; Mirabeau
was the ugliest man in France, and
yet he was the greatest favorite with
the ladies.

Women more frequently prize men
for their sterling qualities of mind
than men do women. Dr. Johnson
threw a woman who had scarcely an
idea above an oyster. He thought
her the loveliest creature in existence,
if we may judge by the inscription he
left on her tomb.

Business and Death.

A man falls from a scaffold. The
reporter hastens to the spot and push-
es his way to the man's side. "My
life voyage is nearly ended," whis-
pered the dying man, as he held the
reporter's hand, "My soul, like an
unfinished craft, is being swept from
its earthly mooring, and carried out
into the great pathless ocean of eter-
nity. Oh, how the unprepared spirit
shrinks from embarking upon that
silent, solemn sea! I have a wife
and beautiful child, who will mourn
my absence; and now that I see no
future, nothing but the dark, impen-
etrable shadow of death, which will
soon hide me from earthly eyes, the
earth looks more beautiful, and I
long—oh, how I long to stay. Good-
bye, good—farewell. Pre—prepare
for this—." His head dropped.

"Courage, courage," whispered the
reporter, while tears as big as hickory
nuts chased each other down his nose:
"but business is business. Cour-
age," he whispered, "how—how do
you spell your name?"

THREE THINGS. Three things to
do—think, live and act.

Three things to think of—life,
death and eternity.

Three things to love—courage, gen-
tleness and affection.

Three things to admire—intellect,
dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arro-
gance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in—beauty,
frankness and freedom.

Three things to wish for—health,
friends and a contented spirit.

Three things to like—cordiality,
good humor and cheerfulness.

Three things to avoid—idleness,
loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to cultivate—good
books, friends and good humor.

Three things to contend for—honor
country and friends.

Three things to govern—temper,
tongue and conduct.

Three things to cherish—virtue,
good honor and wisdom.

If a man has a right to be proud of
anything, it is of a good action done
as it ought to be, without any base
interest lurking at the bottom of it.—
[Sterne.

As frost to the bud and blight to
the blossom, even such is self-
interest to friendship, for confidence
cannot dwell where selfishness is
porter at the gate.—[Tupper.

MALE OR FEMALE
AGENTS WANTED.

TO SELL THE
"HISTORY OF THE FIRST SCHOOL
FOR DEAF--MUTES."

The History gives an account of
how the "Alphabets" were invented
and introduced into use, and Dr. Gal-
laudet's Mission to Europe.

It also contains engravings of
Gallaudet, Clerc, Sicard, monuments
of Gallaudet and Clerc, and single
and double-handed alphabets.

Money can be obtained in a few
hours' trial of obtaining orders among
friends.

Single copies - - - 25 cts.
Wholesale price - - - 10 "

Books sent free to any address on
receipt of cash.

For further particulars, write to
IRA H. DERBY,
South Weymouth, Mass.

KINGSFORD'S
OSWEGO
PURE
AND
SILVER GLOSS
STARCH

For the Laundry, is the best and most economical in
the world. It is perfectly pure, free from Acids and
other foreign substances that injure Linen. It is
stronger than any other, requiring much less quan-
tity in using. It is uniform in color and finishes work
better than starch. Kingsford's Purest Corn Starch
for Publicans, House-keepers, Hotels, etc., is pure and
delicate. Preparation for Formal Arrangement. When
you set the Kingsford's Table Starch, see that you
get the genuine kind, as others are often substituted.
Sold by all first-class Grocers everywhere.
T. KINGSFORD & SON, Oswego, New York

THE BEST PAPER TRY IT!
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

36th Year.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is a large, First-
Class Weekly Newspaper of Sixteen Pages, print-
ed in the most beautiful style, profusely illustrated
with splendid engravings, representing the newest
inventions and the most recent Advances in the
Arts and Sciences, including New and Interesting
Facts in Agriculture, Horticulture, the Home,
Health, Medical Progress, Social Science, Natural
History, Geology, Astronomy. The most valuable
practical papers, by eminent writers in all de-
partments of Science, will be found in the Scientific
American.

Terms, \$3.20 per year, \$1.50 half year, which
includes postage. Discount to Agents. Single
copies, ten cents. Sold by all Newsdealers. Re-
mit by postal order to MUNN & CO., Publishers,
37 Park Row, New York.

PATENTS. In connection with
the Scientific Ameri-
can, Messrs. MUNN & CO. are Solicitors of Ameri-
can and Foreign Patents, have had 35 years
experience, and now have the largest establish-
ment in the world. Patents are obtained on the
best terms. A special note is made in the Sci-
entific American of all inventions patented
through this Agency, with the name and resi-
dence of the Patentee. By the immense cir-
culation thus given, public attention is directed to
the merit of the new patent, and sales or intro-
duction often easily effected.

Any person who has a new discovery or inven-
tion, can ascertain, free of charge, whether a pa-
tent can probably be obtained, by writing to
MUNN & CO. We also send free our Hand Book
about the Patent Laws, Patents, Caveats, Trade-
Marks, their costs, and how produced, with hints
for procuring advances on inventions. Address
for the Paper, or concerning Patents,
MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, N. Y.
Branch Office, cor. E & 7th Sts., Washington,
D. C.

TO ADVERTISERS.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S
SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

An advertiser who spends upwards of \$5,000 a
year, and who invests less than \$300 of it in this
List, writes: "You Save Local Advertising, and
better last year THAN ALL THE OTHER
ADVERTISING I DID."

IT IS NOT A CO-OPERATIVE LIST.
IT IS AN HONEST LIST.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers
are. Whether the price of a paper is printed in
FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the
BEST. When printed in CAPITALS it is the
ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the popu-
lation of every town and the circulation of
every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely
one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for
single States ranges from \$2 to \$30. The price
for one inch one month in the entire list is \$625.
The regular rates of the papers for the same
space and time are \$2,080.14. The list in-
cludes 552 newspapers, of which 187 are issued
DAILY and 765 WEEKLY. They are
located in 788 different cities and towns, of
which 32 are State Capitals, 363 places of over
5,000 population, and 463 County Seats. For
copy of List and other information address
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
10 Spruce St., New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS
OF THE
NATIONAL CONVENTION
can be had by sending \$1 to the
photographer,
D. C. REDINGTON,
200 Vine Street,
Cincinnati, O.

N. B.—Expressage paid by the
purchaser.

THE
ELECTROPHONE.

THE LATEST DISCOVERY IN
ELECTRIC SCIENCE.

A TELEPHONE FOR THE DEAF.

LIGHT, SIMPLE & DURABLE.

No battery, no chemicals, nothing to
break or get out of order.

It displaces every form of Ear
Trumpet.

It displaces all mechanical contriv-
ances.

Because it is more effective.

Because it is "convenient."

Because it neither wears nor breaks.

Because it conveys sound by elec-
tricity, the most subtle of all forces.

Because it improves instead of in-
juring a diseased ear.

Because it is the latest and most
perfect invention of its kind.

Because it is worth the money.

Send for circular.

Address:
New York Electrophone Co.
Station 23, New York City.